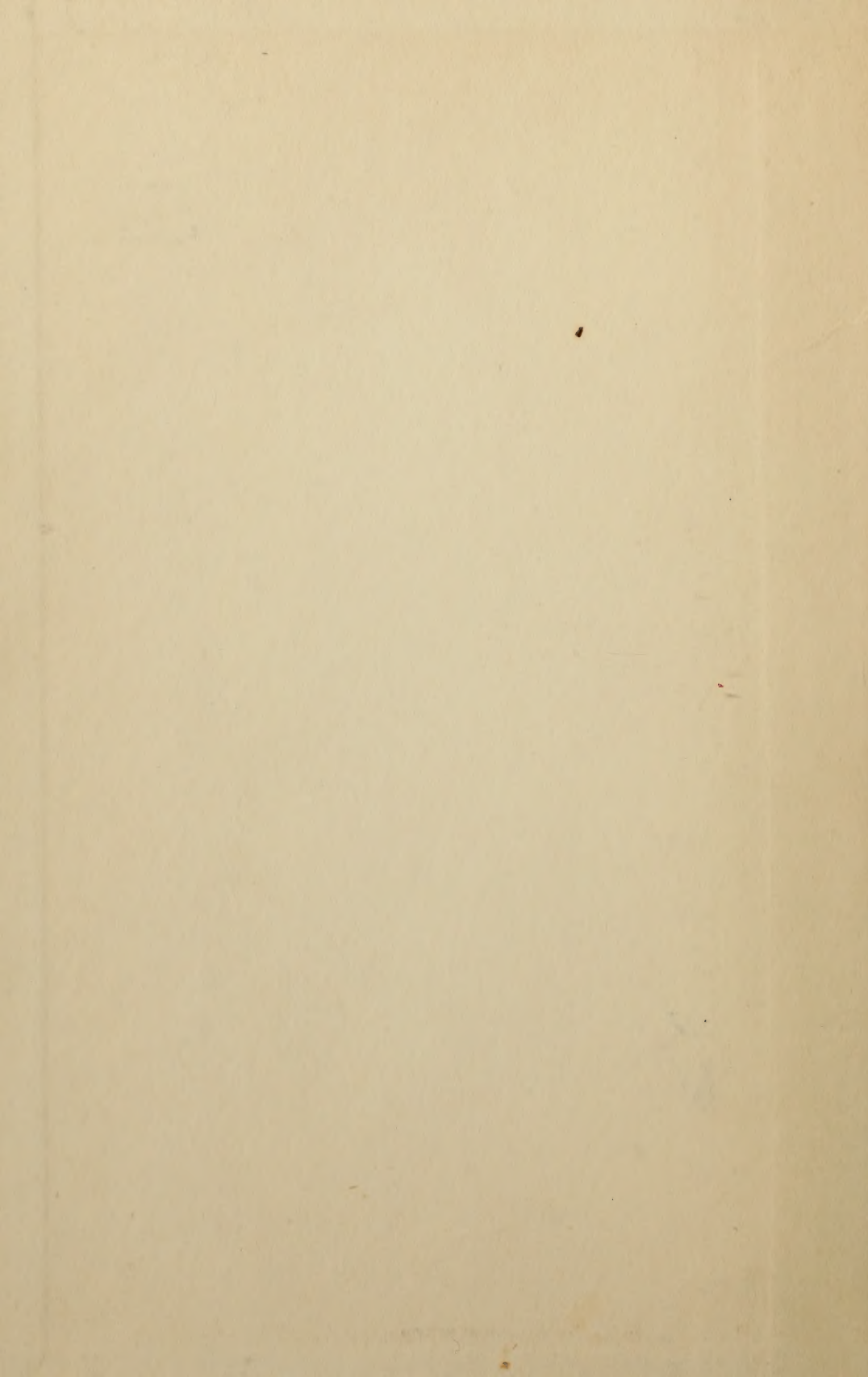


MILDRED CHAMPAGNE
on Life and Love



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MARSHALL JONES COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

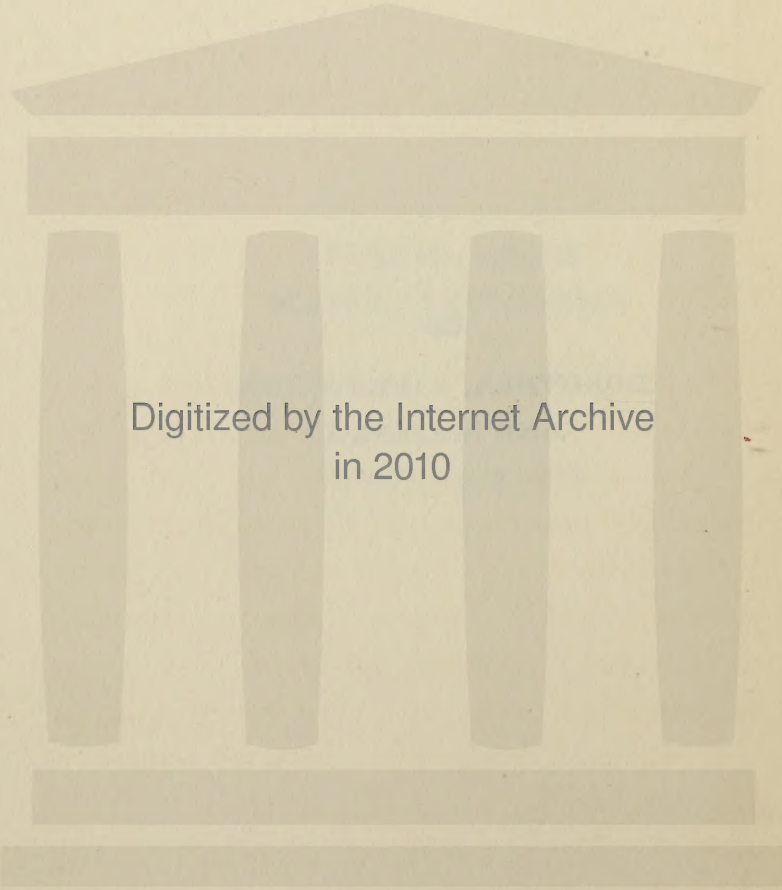
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To

DOROTHEA, ADOLPH, IDA
AND MARINKA



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FOREWORD

IN the years that I have been writing on Love, I suppose some quarter of a million souls have confided in me, have told me their troubles and asked my advice. The letters that have come to me have been from people in all walks of life, from the educated and the ignorant, from the young and old, from the rich and poor, from the wise and the foolish, from those on the brink of life and those near the finish. I've advised young girls and old girls, experienced and inexperienced. I've advised young men and old men, college professors and mill hands, wives, mothers, business men and women, club men and women, and politicians of either sex, party and persuasion. I hope my advice has done some good. I believe it has. I've received scores of letters to make me secure in that belief.

Good advice isn't a bad thing, altogether, if you know enough to take it at the psychological moment. The advice that is based on experience, that is unbiased, unprejudiced, that is clear, straight from the shoulder, sympathetic and understanding—that is good advice, good for everybody who

needs it, and everybody does need it at some time or other in this vale of tears and tribulations.

Every man in love thinks no case like his was ever heard of. Every unhappy wife thinks no woman in the world was ever so abused. Every boy in college knows just what is wrong with the world and how to correct it. Every girl of eighteen knows that if her beauty and talents were duly recognized she would either marry a handsome young millionaire within the year, or become the greatest movie star in the world. And so it goes.

But of course there is nothing new under the sun, certainly no feeling, experience or adventure in the world of Love. The feelings of certain people of certain grades of intelligence, age and circumstance might almost be classified under specific headings. The cycle of human feelings and events follows the cycle in nature and the seasons of the year. The springtime of love, the summer of love, the autumn of love, the winter of love; all are new with each approach, but really old as the hills with the repetition of the ages.

This book contains my reaction to cases, and my reflection upon cases and my experience in cases, all cases that have been submitted to me. For of such I conceive is the true study of human affairs, the understanding of the psychology of Life and Love.

M. C.

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THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE

They sin who tell us Love can die,
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of Hell.
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible.

SOUTHEY.

MILDRED CHAMPAGNE ON LIFE AND LOVE

CHAPTER I

LOVE

"All thought, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers to Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

LOVE is the fairest flower in the bouquet of human experience. I wish I could make every man and woman in the world feel the power of love at least once in their lives. Life is so short and love is the only thing in life that makes it worth living!

Love is the essence of happiness, and to most men and women happiness is the will-o'-the-wisp which they chase throughout their lives all over the world, but which always seems to elude them. Perhaps it is because they don't recognize happiness when they see it. They think wealth, power, fame are happiness, and often trample over love

to get them—and find out too late that what they passed over was the substance and what they treasured and hoarded was trash. For love is the only real and lasting thing in a whole world of decay.

Love reveals itself in many forms. It is "Nature's second sun." It is the basic strength of all animated and living things. It is life, warmth, aspiration, inspiration, motive power. "'Tis Love that makes the world go 'round."

Love is essentially the creator of beauty. It raises everything that is ugly and commonplace to the lovely and exalted. It is God in its power and essence, for it creates life and glorifies it.

We all know the common clay of which the body is made, and to which it is reduced when life's short span has been encompassed. The dear dead is a strange heavy clod in our arms, resembling vaguely what we have loved and what has loved us but a moment before. The eyes are closed, the mouth is quiet, the heart stilled forever. What is it that brought the light of intelligence and recognition to the eyes, the words of reason to the mouth, the palpitation to the heart? The spirit, the soul, the life, the motor that animated that body and made it our Castle of Happiness is Love.

The greatest works of man have been inspired by love. For love the greatest of men died teach-

ing its doctrines for the salvation of men. For love men soar to sublime heights or fall to bottomless pits, but always the aspiration for the divine inspiration is glorified. The achievement is little compared with the achieving. What a man aspires to, not what he accomplishes, make his manhood. He is often crowned by his aspirations and crucified by his achievements.

LOVE IN GENIUS

Have you ever noticed at the end of a day the crowds of people who are on the streets, in the cars and trains and common carriers of the cities, going their way homeward from the day's work? In the trains they sit, tired, drab, unimaginative. On the streets they push their way aggressively in the various directions where lie their homes. They impress you as a seething mass of scurrying ants, who are, apparently, no more soulful or colorful than ants.

Look in the faces of these crowds of men and women, hundreds and thousands and millions of them! They all look alike. They appear to the casual eye like the incoming and outgoing tides of a drab ocean. They seem to have no more individuality than the sands of the desert. You think one great motor moves the lot of them.

Yet each one of these human beings moves by

his own will, his own motive power. Each is an individual more or less individualistic. Each, when taken from the crowds has a face distinct from all other faces, and he has his very own peculiar hopes, ideals and ambitions. Each is possessed of a mind with which to think and a heart with which to love. And so each of these apparently colorless human beings is a god unto himself, with the god-like powers to govern the universe. Each is a potential Cæsar, an Aristotle, a Shakespeare, or an Abraham Lincoln. For genius is only the power of thinking and loving, highly developed.

LOVE IN RELIGION

Some call Love, God, and all the human beings of the earth worship this God, the Spirit of Love, though in different ways. Love in religion, which is planted in every human consciousness, is a hope or conviction, as the case may be, that this great Creator of life in every form will not allow that life to perish, but will perpetuate it in constantly higher forms to everlasting glory and a realization of perfect happiness. Various peoples in all the ages and all the degrees of spiritual and cultural development have created gods out of their leaders of men in their passionate desire to worship God in concrete form. They have given the Spirit of Love a human form to worship as a

supernatural being. But the Spirit of Love is in all of us. The specialized Gods of all the ages have merely been leaders of men with human bodies and carnal appetites, but with a highly developed genius for thinking and loving.

This mystical, miraculous, inexplicable, infinite power that is given to the finite man—the power to create life, to continue the species, to immortalize himself, to urge the world ever onward and upward, is Love.

To man alone is given the power of thought with love, the mind with the heart, and so he is enabled to control all the other things of life that love only with the body.—The more highly developed the man in spiritual or mental and soul growth, the more he is possessed of thought with love. Indeed one is the complement of the other. The primitive and savage of the human species, hunt and fish and propagate as do the animals, comparing and satisfying the sex hunger with the hunger of the stomach. They have no thought of the higher God-force of the soul with which the cultural life is imbued. Yet every savage still has the instinct to worship God, Love, the Creator of Life in some form or another, and no savage tribe is without its own peculiar religious rites.

I am reminded of a story told me by a fine old army officer who, in his youth, in our old frontier

days, was an Indian scout. To him an Indian chief described his religious belief thus. He looked about him disdainfully and said, "You white man, you Baptist, you Methodist, you Catholic, you all the time pray God to do this and to do that. Me look up to the Great White Spirit and say, you do what you damn please!"

CREEDS AND DOGMAS

It seems incredible that today in this advanced world of thought there should still be religious differences and the constant bickerings and bitterness they arouse. All religions have a common Deity, all men worship a Supreme Being. Then must come the different creeds, each claiming a shorter cut to Heaven, and each proceeding to prove it by starting at a given place and going a mile a minute through five million miles of words. At the end of that time they are in Heaven, and they deserve to be there, or elsewhere.

Love is religion. Love, the creator of all living things, is God. God, the creator of light from darkness, order from chaos, beauty from ugliness, is Love. Love makes the birds burst their little throats with song, it makes the tender shrubs of green shoot from a gray earth, it causes the flowers to bud and blossom, it paints the thousands of exquisite colors in sky and earth, and finally and

greatest miracle of all, it makes the human clay a divinity.

The worship of Love and the devout contemplation of all its profound beauty, its power of miracle, its boundless mystery, its infinitude, its immortality, these are religion enough for any man. This Love in religion is a part of his soul, and his soul birth and soul growth. It is an inner conviction, a divine inspiration, not something that a mere man can hammer into him from the outside by mere words.

Love was the foundation of all religions in the beginning. All religions had their inception in Love. But man, in making different creeds, merely because his vocabulary expanded, has created of religion a huge battlefield, where each individual to save his own mean little soul is ready to damn the soul of his neighbor; where each man fights for his own hide instead of the great common cause, that "one divine event toward which the whole creation moves."

The religion of Love does not manifest itself in the orthodox way of going to church regularly to pray for yourself all the time so that you may prosper on this earth and eventually get a reserved seat in Heaven. It is more altruistic than that. In fact, what is a religion if it isn't the very essence of altruism? The religion of Love means loving

your neighbor, loving your enemy, loving the unfortunate, the sinner, the poor, the sick; giving yourself to all these with a whole-souledness that is self-realization. The man whose religion is Love, is not only a part of but *for* the world. He is a blossom on the Tree of Life, out of which he was conceived, where he grows to strength and beauty, where he lives his life of usefulness, where he leaves his seed to procreate through the immortal ages. Without Love as the basis of his religion, he is not a unit of the spiritual world, working in unison with all the mysterious seen and unseen forces of Nature. He is not a part of the Tree of Life.

But Love as a religion can only reveal itself in all its infinite beauty and truth, when man is educated to receive it. Only the intellectual of the soul and the mind can feel and understand all the exquisiteness of Love, the true religion.

THE AVERAGE IDEA OF RELIGION

The average man's idea of religion is something to put on Sundays with his cutaway. Six days of the week he spends on himself, enjoying himself in his own way, no matter who has to suffer for it, mingling with the prosperous and happy, avoiding the poor and unfortunate, running after his creditor and avoiding his debtor, strain-

ing every effort to get the best of the other fellow, before the other fellow gets the best of him. On Sunday he puts on his religion and his Sunday clothes and his "more-holy-than-thou" attitude, and goes to church with his family, and hears the doctrine of his favorite creed expounded. He hears words and words, in a clear, metallic voice from a three or five thousand dollar a year pulpit. He hears about love and God and charity and self-abnegation, but the mechanical words buzz in his ears like the droning of bees.

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES

For the happiness of the home it is essential that a man's family be at one with him in his religious convictions and forms of worship. Such creeds and dogmas as he cherishes must be reflected in his wife and family, or there can be no lasting peace there. No home is so divided against itself and so ready to fall, as the one where the husband goes to one church and the wife to another, while each is constantly fighting the other as to where the children shall go.

In the first flush of love, when the chief impulse is to marry, and no obstacle in the way of a union is considered important, differences of religion carry no weight, and are ruthlessly pushed aside. But they crop up again later on, with the gradual

fading of the rose vision of first love, and the return of common gray realities. Then the obstacles to the marriage are recalled and considered, and chief of these is the difference of religion. This becomes the bed-rock of contention, especially when the children come, and their spiritual education is to be considered. The wife says they must go with her, and the husband is equally positive they must go with him. And there you are. Religion in the home becomes strife, when if it were the true religion, Love, it would be the home's very essence, its staying power. When all creeds gather under the one headlight, Love, when all dogmas resolve themselves in the simple golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Love each other. Be kind"—then and then only will Religion become a power for good. Such is real and practical Christianity, in the essence of the Founder of the Faith.

The religion of Love is practical. It takes care of a man's stomach first and his soul afterwards. It helps him to live well on earth and lets Heaven take care of itself. It gives to a starving man not a Bible but a square meal. It gives to the laborer shorter hours and more pay. It gives every man the right and *the means* to enjoy life. It judges a man not by his clothes but by his heart. It doesn't preach charity, but practices justice, equality,

brotherhood. The religion of Love is more than a religion; it is a fraternity. It is the only true Democracy on earth. And thus far it is but little known.

LOVE IN NATURE

“ . . . Every flower
That to the sun its heaving breast expands
Is born of love. And every song of bird
That floats mellifluous on the balmy air
Is but a love-note.”

All things in Nature expand and bloom under Love's genial influence. Out of the earth shoot the delicate sprigs of green from the seed of love, and the sun which is warmth, love's manifestation, draws it out to greater strength and growth, until it bursts into flower and realizes the very fullness of life. Then it returns to seed again and reproduces its kind, and so on through the countless ages, for whatever love touches becomes immortal. Love is perpetual life.

This love in Nature is not always visible, but who cannot feel in the air of a Spring morning the very essence of love? All Winter the fields and meadows are paralyzed, the forests are lifeless under chill gray skies, and all Nature seems deserted and dead. Then comes Spring and kisses the earth with the warm sun kiss of Nature's love. And all Nature awakes from her death-like sleep

and glows and responds to the caress of the long desired.

The fields are green, the trees revel in foliage, and flowers and fruit answer the call of the Infinite, all these the children of Nature's love. And proudly does Nature foster the children of her love, to be courted and loved in their turn by the power which engendered them.

This is the demonstration of love in Nature. And to be at one with Nature, this love is felt and reflected by the birds of the air and the beasts of the field and by man, the highest embodiment of life.

THE IDEAL OF HUMAN LOVE

"And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods makes Heaven drowsy with the harmony."

SHAKESPEARE.

When two human souls are touched with love's devout comprehension, its steady glorification, then indeed is the triumph of love attained. To these two affinities of the spirit, earth is changed to Heaven, the commonest day is a holiday, the hardest toil becomes joyous play, the lavish giving of each for the other becomes a fulfillment of each and a glorification of both, the steady idealizing of the beloved changes the weakness of each into strength, and each is transformed into a Deity by the magic of the other's love.

BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

HERRICK.

There is nothing so beautiful, so idealistic, so generous, gentle and tender as the love of man and woman for one another. But such love in all its beauty can only come from a union and a unity of beautiful thoughts and ideals. So it is that great love is but for the few chosen children of man, whose very lives, thoughts and deeds are so beautiful as to make them godlike. Only great intellects, great souls, can feel the greatness of love, for love is divine. The rest of mankind can feel it only to a degree corresponding to their perfection, to the purity of their souls and the nobility of their ideals.

As man started in life he was as a god, and love in all its fullness was meant for him to know and understand, but as the world progressed and life became more complex, so his vision of the beautiful was dimmed, and it is only at inspired moments, that a clear understanding flashes through his imagination from the catholic storm which surrounds him.

ROMANTIC LOVE

When a man really loves a woman with the highest love of which he is capable, he makes her the supreme ruler of his heart and home, and he toils for her early and late to secure her happiness. He denies himself that she may have the more, and his greatest joy is her smile of recognition of his service. Love makes the brute in him exquisitely tender, it changes his selfish nature to one of complete self-abnegation and sacrifice. His ear that never could distinguish between sounds, now becomes attuned to beautiful music, his eyes that never recognized form or color, can now see only glowing harmony everywhere. And the triumph of his love is not blindness that sees only the perfection of his imagery in the beloved, but it is an infinitude of vision that sees everything visible and concealed, a vastness and profundity of comprehension that understands all above and below the surface, and an expansion of his nature that can breathe in the whole blessed reality. A man loves a woman for her faults as well as her virtues, for what she is, as well as for what she might be. The whole-souled giving of self, which is love, means the giving of its wealth of frailties no less than its wealth of power.

EMOTIONAL REFINEMENTS

“When Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on
all the chords with might,
It smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass’d in
music out of sight.”

That is the ideal of human love—self-abnegation which is at the same time self-realization. But as we are all merely human, and one of the fundamentals of humanness is self-preservation, instead of self-sacrifice, so love in all its divinity can come to but a few rarefied souls. It is not for the many, but for the chosen few. It is better to give than to receive, to love than to be loved, but this philosophy can only be absorbed by the cultured of soul and intellect. Just in proportion as men and women grow in soul and intellect do they grow in comprehension and understanding of emotional refinements.

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES

“. . . she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words.”

TENNYSON.

And when a woman loves a man, when the recognition of a kindred spirit makes the eternal romance of her life, then is the triumph of her womanhood attained. This love, this triumph, is self-sacrifice—for only in the complete giving of

herself does she fulfill her nature. She gives a man her body and soul, to save his life or to give him pleasure. Her glorified vision of him makes him a god, no less than her a goddess.

CHAPTER II

THE SEX LOVE

THE sex love—the passions, the instinct for propagation common in humans as it is in the lower animals, is, of course, the most universal human affection, and affliction almost, since it is the most universally mistaken for love. Although without passion there can be no love between the sexes, yet there is so much passion without love (the fundamental reason for the mating of sex always being the instinct for propagation, which is passion) that it is a very wise precaution to analyze or test very carefully the feeling a man or woman has for the other, in order properly to classify it, and govern one's actions accordingly.

It is inevitable that with certain years will come certain longings, absorbing, overpowering, not to be denied. This, the sex love, or passion, is the natural craving of every living particle of animal and plant life. This is the instinct that makes a man go out hunting for his mate, that in prehistoric times made him emerge, naked and ferocious from his cave, to strike down the first female

that crossed his path:—that makes him in our modern times, with his desires smothered in a cotton batting of civilization, go out a-courting. And when his desires are kindled by the right spark, the inevitable conflagration occurs with the cotton batting covering, and the primitive man is revealed.

SAVAGE LOVE

The coarse, primitive, savage man—and he is to be found, not only in the forest primeval, in the remote South Sea Island, in darkest Africa, but also in every walk of our so-called civilized life—loves with his body only, not with his soul, or the underdeveloped mentality which may be called his soul for the want of a better name. He seeks only to gratify his animal passion, urged on by his animal instinct to reproduce himself. In proportion as a man develops his power of thought, so does he develop his power of sensitized and romantic love.

The most highly developed human love tempers its sex love by thoughtfulness, consideration, tenderness and devotion to its object. So it is that in the most highly civilized minds, the highest ideal in human society is realized in its sex contacts. In all the primitive and savage lands of the earth men live the lives of animals and degrade their women to animal level by their passions. In ro-

mantic love the sex contact becomes the most exalted function of human society, and men and women are raised to the godlike by its observance. Ancient Rome, Athens, Venice, and countless civilizations before them, were destroyed because the soulful sex contact which exalts the State as it does the individual, was allowed to sink to animal contact, seeking only to satisfy its bodily appetite with no thought of the higher godlife for which man was intended. So can a great uplifting virtue become a degrading vice by its improper observance. When man forgets that he has the power of thought and sensitized feeling with love, he reverts to the subjective beast, and no longer has the god power to dominate.

WHAT IS PASSION?

Passion is the racial call of the blood, the call of the beast in the jungle, of the primeval man for his mate. In itself it is the lowest form of human love, since it is coarse, wild, crude and selfish. It is incapable of either romance or altruism. It is love without thought, without imagination.

Passion is the mating instinct common in all animal life and is entirely a thing of the flesh. In effect it is like fire, hot, fierce, fleeting and consuming. It seeks only its immediate satisfaction and is without soul or abstract thought.

Passion with love, is the natural mingling of body and soul, nature and truth. It is beautiful and constructive. Passion without love is ugly and destructive. It is over-feeding the body and starving the soul. It is mere animalism, and, therefore, humiliating and ugly to the human who strives to rise above his ancestors who walked on four legs. And since passion is not a thing of the soul but of animal instinct, it is selfish and seeks only the gratification of its own immediate desires. It is regardless of pain, sorrow, death, so long as it gratifies those desires.

REAL AND LASTING LOVE

Love, the only kind that is real and lasting is a thing of the soul. Soul is personality, a necessary combination of mind and body, one working upon the other. Passion does not last because the outer attraction of the body, which is its sole sustenance, is fleeting. But that intangible something that is called soul, or personality, is an inner force, and the very essence of life. The feeling it begets is love, which like soul defies time and circumstance.

“True love’s the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy’s hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it does not die;

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind."

SCOTT.

Real Love, just as it subsists on soul, is soul-satisfying, and has in itself the disassociated qualities of the soul as apart from mere body appetites. It seeks not its own desire but the desire of its object. It is supremely self-sacrificing, and will labor unceasingly and disinterestedly for the happiness and elevation of its object. The physical is its last consideration.

CHAPTER III

EVOLUTION OF HUMAN LOVE

WE trace by various theories of evolution one form of life merging and developing into another, through all the eons of time. For all we know Creation is without beginning and without end. We prove, or seek to prove, that a certain highly developed form of animal life was evolved by various stages through the countless ages, from the veriest and most insignificant atom. But who created the atom? We shall probably never know. But there was Thought behind it. And we do know that to human beings was given this power of thought in varying degrees as their spiritual growth assimilated it. In this thought-power is man raised above the lower animals and made in the image of the Great Creator.

Human love is just so much higher than animal love in thought and sensitiveness as the human being has developed spiritually from animal life.

“Good shepherd tell this youth what ’tis to Love,” says Shakespeare, and he explains,

"It is to be all made of sighs and tears,
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasy;
All made of passion and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, all impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance."

ADAM AND EVE

A man can tell by his sex feeling how far he has progressed toward civilized manhood. He can tell it by his instinctive gentleness and chivalry toward women. We are told that Eve, the first woman, was made out of a rib of Adam, the first man. So it is but natural that woman should be necessary to him to make him whole again. But she is as necessary to his mental and spiritual perfection as to the physical, and only so far can either be whole as each merges perfectly into the other. Each is incomplete without the other. Both can realize the fullness of life only as they "draw to each other," and in all ways, mentally, physically and spiritually "flow together in one."

So the most highly civilized man realizes, and he is highly civilized only because he realizes it, that woman who is his physical necessity, becomes his best necessity only as he permits and assists her to become that best, and he cheats himself infinitely more than he does her, if he denies her any oppor-

tunity to raise herself to the highest estate. For by the very nature of the case a woman seeks to improve herself to the utmost that she may be better fitted to become a worthy mate to the one man of her thoughtful love and bear his offspring to perpetuate their combined love and perfection.

EVOLUTION OF WOMAN

With the evolution of human love from the animal love to the higher thought love, which we call romantic and altruistic love, has come the evolution of women from slavery to equal estate with man, both of comparatively recent origin. Indeed it is only within the last century, possibly half century, that man has conceded woman a soul, a personality, a mind and a will to be considered at all, let alone to be considered with respect. Notwithstanding the fact that all history, mythology and legend are filled to overflowing with great love stories of how men have sacrificed themselves for love, when these are analyzed and judged by present-day standards and what we recognize as true love between man and woman, we find that all those heroes of old sacrificed themselves for their desires and passions. Their songs of love have been set to beautiful words and music so that we have been enthralled by them, and have taken it for granted that all these storied lovers loved in

the ideal way that we cherish. In the Orient to-day the lover will still sing his girl an exquisite love song and the next moment cuff her ears soundly if she doesn't bring him his coffee on time. In middle Europe today, where the language and literature abound in chivalry and the most extravagant forms of ideal, romantic love, women still sweep the streets, plough the fields, and are hitched with dogs to carts drawing produce to the markets.

But the general trend of the times is for progress in which woman everywhere is the leading feature. Every country is beginning to feature its women and to realize that its greatest recognition as a world power is in proportion as its women are given the opportunity to realize themselves. The Oriental is still slow and grudging in the privileges that he gives to his women, for it is difficult for him to shake off the influence of the ages, that influence that, strengthened by his religion, makes him feel that the western woman who exposes her mind is as indecent as though she exposed her body. It is still his idea that both are to be covered and kept in seclusion. This tendency seemed to manifest itself in the recent Egyptian Parliament where I was a privileged guest, and to which I was told no native women were invited. The voice of the Egyptian Suffragette, and a mighty strong voice it now is and has to be reckoned with,

was heard shrieking its indignation and warning throughout the land.

EAST AND WEST

What a scene was that Egyptian Parliament, that political expression of triumph over a long English supremacy! And not a native woman was present in that vast and colorful assembly of oriental men. On the floor of the Parliament House, as in our Senate Chamber, were ranged seats in semicircular rows around the raised platform, upon which in a golden throne chair sat the King in glittering uniform, leaning on his sword. He was accompanied by his most important ministers of state, led by the Prime Minister who read the King's speech to the Assembly. Senators and judges and dignitaries of state occupied the floor seats, representatives of the army in gorgeous uniforms and military decorations, pashas and beys and all the nobility of Egypt, some in army uniforms and some in formal European dress, but always with the fez. In one section especially reserved for them was the most imposing company of tribal chiefs, sheiks of the desert in their gorgeous silken robes; white bearded and turbaned Mohammedan priests, Oriental Christians, and Jewish Rabbis, all in the silken gowns of white, red or purple, significant of their order and rank. In the upper gallery sat Lord

and Lady Allenby, the former, High Commissioner of Egypt and immortalized for his march into Jerusalem, which is really the beginning of western culture in the Orient. Perhaps a half dozen European women of the various foreign embassies, were also present. Nowhere could I see a native woman who would reasonably be expected to be here to share this triumph. What a characteristically oriental assembly, all men and no women! Where was the feminine beauty and grace and intellect of modern Egypt? Does the English King go anywhere or attend any important state function without the company of his capable consort? Isn't the president of the United States helped in every social or political event by having his wife always at his side? Every progressive country is such only as its men walk side by side with their women and give them the recognition their merit deserves and the liberty to achieve that merit.

But the women of Turkey, under the modern influence of Kemal Pasha seem to be breathing the exhilarating air of freedom and equality. I was on a cruising ship recently that made Constantinople one of its ports of call. A dozen or more young Turkish women in the dress of the western young woman, unveiled, unafraid, with the courage of their recently acquired convictions, independent, cultured, students of the university, boarded the

ship and distributed themselves among the passengers, courteously offering their services as guides to their city.

They were actuated only by the desire to know and understand as well as to be understood by their sisters of the western world, and to do their share in promoting good fellowship between the East and the West, not the least part of their plan being the desire to show women of the west that oriental women were modern, progressive and of liberal education, and not in the benighted state of former times.

And I saw a modern comedy drama enacted in Tunis recently, among native Mohammedans, that could not have occurred even a few years ago, a further sign of the times, and probably another tribute to the moving picture and all the other inventions of the human heart and mind that eliminate distance, and bring people together and nationalize the international. In a stone courtyard, open to the blue Tunisian skies a divorce court was in full session. Wonder of wonders, a native woman was seeking a divorce from a husband who failed to support her while spending her hard earnings on another woman. It appeared that she had expostulated with him, in the way a woman has everywhere in like circumstances. Whereupon the man had struck her.

Now in former times, in these countries of the Orient and among these people, the woman would not have criticized her husband any more than she would have deliberately called down upon herself the wrath of Heaven. But having done so and been slapped on one side of the head by the justly enraged husband, she would have meekly apologized and offered the other side of her head. In the case of which I relate, however, the woman promptly had the husband arrested and brought into court. And there he reposed on a bed of straw in an iron cage in that court, and glared at his wife and was not suffered to offer an opinion. For the wife had the stand, decidedly. She was shouting her accusations of her husband to a venerable, white-bearded and beturbaned old judge, who sat in a niche in the wall, cross-legged and possibly with his fingers crossed, as he listened attentively and respectfully to the woman. The lawyer for the defense was there too, but he couldn't seem to get a word in edgewise, for the irate woman was her own lawyer and was determined to have her day in court. Afterwards I learned that the woman had won her case. The husband was freed, but enjoined from further molesting her, and was obliged to contribute to her support.

On a later journey to the Far East, I met a Chinese girl who had been a student in my university in

America. We were in Shanghai, and driving along the well known Bubbling Well Road in rickshaws, side by side. Soon she was pointing indignantly to a wealthy American, who passed us in another rickshaw sitting beside a little painted, laughing, chattering and pitifully young "sing song girl," those little human playthings that can be hired by the hour or day or week on nearly every corner in the native quarter. These little Chinese girls, in their silk trousers and embroidered jackets, some only children of ten or twelve years, stand there in groups, with their long, pointed, painted fingernails, and their painted faces and sleekly greased hair done up with little fans and flowers. They smirk at the foreign men that come to appraise them and bargain with the hideous old Chinese hag in whose charge they are. "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," runs the legend. But my Chinese friend and I were in perfect accord that the American should be put in the great Bilibad prison in Manila for encouraging Chinese vice by paying for it with American dollars.

LOVE IN INVENTION

Man by his God-power of thought and love has been enabled to penetrate the mysterious forces of Nature. All the great inventions and discoveries that have helped human life in its progression, have

been brought about by thought and love, which are translated to concentration of the human mind and devotion to its cause.

The inventive genius in man has given us light and heat from electricity, and fitted the forces of the air to our uses and needs. We have the marvelous radio by which the man in London may court his sweetheart by word of mouth in America. The gulls of the air fly away in fear and amazement at the strange birdman that invades their territory. We have the motor car, and the airplane and the submarine and the fast ocean steamer. By air, by land and sea, distance has been conquered by the inventive genius of man. Science, which is knowledge brought about by concentrated thought and devotion to a cause, has explored the remote places of the earth, and excavated proofs that every art and science and invention of this age was practiced millions of years ago by the conquerors of the species of their time. Science has conquered malignant diseases. And thought and love have given us beauty in form and color and sound. Philosophy, poetry, music,—all are the expressions of the correlational forces of Nature in perfect harmony. It is only as man attunes himself to the harmony of Nature that he becomes the great artist and conceives the ideal of human perfection and happiness.

The most beneficial inventions of the age have been those that have brought the East and the West together, that have vanquished distances and made neighbors and friends of all the peoples of the earth.

The inventive genius in man has given us the irresistible and irrepressible Moving Picture which has made the whole world one large city. Kemal Pasha now wears a London topper instead of a Fez. Mohammedan women are no longer veiled, but wear European clothes, bob their hair and use the lip stick. The Flapper of New York wears a Hindoo turban of gilded cloth. And a Hindoo Maharaja can no longer subject a native dancing girl to his will and hold her a slave and captive, without being answerable to the stern justice of the British Government.

The East is absorbing western culture by force of western progress which sweeps all before it. And the West indulges itself in orgies of oriental sensualism as a reaction to its own strenuous onward sweep of progress in science and invention.

So the marvelous science of man has brought the East and the West together that each may observe and copy from the other what each has to offer. Who can tell what greater mysteries of the future the god-like powers of love and thought will penetrate and render clear to the human eye? Will

the awful mysteries of life and death ever be disclosed to us? Shall we ever be able to vision the countless millions of souls that have gone before us, freed from their brief human habitat, perhaps to float in the air, like infinitesimal particles of dust, but with their power of life and love and happiness a million times enhanced? Or have they flown or been wafted to other planets? Or have they come back to this sphere in other forms, nevermore to be seen and recognized by us, or conscious of us? Is the inevitable separation at the grave for aye and ever? Is the life on this earth, the individual life, so brief, so painful, so imperfect, so incomplete, so trivial, so tragic, the end of human consciousness? These questions have always tortured the human mind. Who gave us the boundless curiosity to desire so passionately to penetrate this boundless mystery, which the human mind has never solved? All the other mysteries of Nature seem slowly to unfold to the devoted science of the highly developed human mind. Is the man of this age still too close to the animal or the savage to penetrate into the great spiritual truths of human existence?

CHAPTER IV

FREE LOVE

TO love without marriage, when there is no obstacle to the civil contract, is to love without responsibility, and since responsibility in love, as in every other human enterprise, is its meat and backbone, so love shirking responsibility, is an unstable, unreliable affair, without depth, strength, or lasting quality.

What certain cranks and social perverts and long-haired down-at-the-heels poets call free love, may be free love for man but is the most costly kind of love for woman, since it means the free and irresponsible indulgence of man at the woman's expense. Surely man needs no further license in this respect than he has always had. The exploitation of woman for the pleasure of man is no new theory, for it has been enacted throughout the ages. It isn't even a new idea for women, except that its demand today is for standardization and social recognition.

I can imagine the man seeking free love just as he would seek a free lunch. Why not, if it is

just as cheap? Surely that is one of the greatest bargains of life, for which with natural human aggressiveness he eagerly reaches out.

Is this idea of free love, this so-called advanced thought for a more progressive and perfect social state based on the understanding and acceptance of equality and equal rights between men and women? Surely not, since the woman can have equal rights with man in mental and spiritual things only, but never equal rights physically, for a woman is not built that way. And it is to her physical self that free love is addressed. She cannot, through her physical limitations, love here, there and everywhere. When she loves she pays and suffers. It means to her the birth of another soul in agonized travail. Then she needs supremely the all-pervading tenderness and sympathy of responsible, legitimate love that has pledged itself to help and cherish and protect her always. This is Marriage, the only safe and sane state for the woman. When women, in a burst of erotic emotion, advocate free love, they are merely planning their own destruction, socially, morally and physically.

Man has always been the exponent of free love. He has gloried and reveled in his license to flit from flower to flower and sip the honey whenever and wherever his tastes and fancies direct him. To

love and run away and let the woman suffer the consequences has ever been his favorite pastime. And the society which he has ordained and rules, looks with indulgence on this pastime even in the present day. But that same society through all the ages of its rules of repression for women, even today, when liberty, indiscriminate for the sexes, is translated into license, and young girls contemplate and discuss openly and unashamed the most intimate sex relations, even today, society frowns upon the woman who has permitted herself to become the victim of free love.

With the most liberal thinking and the utmost toleration for human weakness and unrestrained natural law, society, however lax, still has no honorable place for children born out of wedlock, nor for the mother who has permitted this outrage upon the child and an orderly society. It always has been and physiologically always will be the honorable necessity for the woman to love only in marriage. And that means the protection of herself and her family for which she is responsible to the established social order.

FREE LOVE PROPOSITIONS

I suppose that no woman is without the experience of having at some time in her life been approached with a proposition of free love. I have

received thousands of letters from girls, before and after they have entertained or accepted these propositions.

I advise every woman, young or old, plain or pretty, rich or poor, wise or foolish to steer clear of the free love agent. No matter what her estate she is bound to be beaten by this confidence man with the free love gold brick.

| Note the thousands of men who are "not marrying men." Ask them why? They are just as other men, and are just as fond of the companionship of women, but they are cheap triflers with the most sacred emotions of life. In their hearts they know that they are not marrying men because they are too mean and acquisitive and crafty and cautious to pay for what they can contrive to get for nothing. They are constantly pawing over the sex bargain counter where free love is displayed. |

There are thousands of men who are unhappily married, or so they tell women whose sympathetic hearts they wish to touch. They are always misunderstood at home, and there is always a woman who listens and understands. That is the great pity of it that there is always another woman ready to listen and understand what the wife doesn't seem to understand. If for one or many reasons a man cannot live in love and peace with his wife, let him free himself by the legal means that are

at hand. Love is a free agent. A man cannot help it if he has ceased to love his wife, but another woman can help it who aids and abets him in that belief, who listens to his woes and encourages his disloyalty to his home. And that woman usually pays, for very few women engage in love affairs with married men who aren't in turn cast off by those men and society as well.

FREE LOVE DISGUISES

Free love disguises itself in many forms and doesn't often emerge boldly as free love. A man courts a girl and promises that he will marry her and in the end he cannot or will not. The girl has learned to love him and rather than lose him she yields to his base importunities, to her eternal shame. This drama has been enacted on the stage and in real life through the ages to the present day. The girls of a generation ago were led astray presumably through their ignorance and innocence. The girls of today are led astray through their wisdom and sophistication. Ways and means may change but human nature never. The polished city villain cannot run away today with the innocent country girl as he used to do. She goes of her own accord and meets him half way at least. And although she may be chaste she is not so innocent that she doesn't know what she is doing.

Yet her reasons today are precisely what they were in the Jane Austen girlhood and the Victorian era. Her erotic emotions get the better of her judgment and she errs through love of the man and her fear of losing him. An unfair game is the free love game for the woman in every case, and the man knows he is taking a mean advantage, no matter what words he chooses nor on what terms he drives his bargain.

FREE LOVE TRAGEDIES

One girl wrote me that she had been employed by a man as his stenographer. He is a prominent lawyer and politician and a masterful orator, and altogether a shining light in his community. His well known views on the purity of the marriage tie and the sanctity of the home are often taken from his speeches, admired and quoted, and they lift the whole moral tone of his neighborhood. He has a lovely wife and children who adore him and to whom he is apparently devoted. He is wealthy, powerful, cultured and worldly. He is more than twice the age of the stenographer, and to her he seemed all that was great and wise and good. Naturally he was her wonder man and she was flattered by his attentions. The men of her class were not like him. She comes of a poor family and has to make her own living and besides contribute to

their support. The same story could probably be told a thousand times a day.

In the intimacy of her work with him he made love to her. She told me that her only excuse for the pitiable condition in which she finds herself is that she loved the man and feared to displease him by not acceding to his demands. At the time she wrote me she was in an agony of mental and physical distress, and threatened to kill herself rather than that her mother should know. I don't know what the man is doing. I suppose he is worried to death about his reputation. "Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke," says Pericles. So this murderer of a woman's soul for lust continues to enjoy the respect of his community while the woman he has destroyed is forced by nature to bear the brunt of all the losses in this free love game.

Here is another case of free love that shows how nobly the woman nature in any age, free or suppressed, may soar to supreme heights. Surely in all the annals of love and friendship and self-sacrifice and sheer heroism, no finer example than this exists.

A woman in a wealthy and cultured social circle had a beautiful young daughter, who had been brought up with all the advantages that the love and thought and wealth of her parents could give

her. She went to an exclusive "finishing school" and met socially a number of boys of an adjoining college. In the vicious freedom that is allowed young people today, she went on "petting parties" and carousals with these boys, all of them in her own walk of life, but none with a sense of responsibility or a decent attitude toward life. They were all wealthy boys and had no need to think that anything in life was more important than having a good time. They specialized in free love, in sex enjoyment, in the erotic pleasures of "petting parties" with pretty girls.

When the girl returned home for the holidays, the anxious and loving mother soon had reason to recognize that all was not well with the girl. Reproaching herself bitterly for having given her child too much freedom, and in an agony of shame and fear for her, she pleaded to know the betrayer. But the girl was defiant and refused to tell, even if she knew, which was doubtful. She was "a modern," she declared, and would lead her own life as she saw fit. She was full of the philosophy of Nietzsche and Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and all the exponents of free love and individualism. She declared her right to motherhood in marriage or out of it and vowed that nothing should prevent her realization of that right.

The distracted mother determined that discre-

tion was the better part of valor. She took the girl to Europe and kept her in the utmost seclusion for a time. When she returned she had a little baby with her which she claimed as her very own, the little sister of the daughter who was left behind to study music in Europe, duly and meekly chaperoned, and a sadder and wiser girl.

A UTOPIAN DREAM

Some day, still very very far off, a Utopian dream of Free Love may be realized, because no constraint will be necessary to human instinct. That will only come in a world where each is for all and all is for each, when all pain and hate and injustice are removed from the human consciousness, and Love in everything, everywhere is supreme. But only look about you to see how far removed is that ideal of a perfect human society today. Christ was the first Socialist of modern times, for thousands of years before Him the same doctrine of universal love was preached. Perhaps in another thousand years we may love our neighbor as ourself and share with him our best and dearest. Looking about the hog ridden world of today I am sure that it will take at least a thousand years more to bring about real brotherhood and universal love. The best that human society has to offer us now, and to our present way of thinking it isn't

a second best, is the union in marriage of a fine man and a fine woman for the selective and exclusive family.

THE WOMAN WHO DEFIES CONVENTION

The woman who defies the conventions soon finds herself like a ship without a rudder, on a grand but storm-tossed sea. She may take long breaths of freedom and ozone, but before her lungs can expand, she is swallowed by the waves, and she sinks and disappears, another victim to the ego that defies convention and attempts to stand alone.

Let every woman, then, sift every proposition of free love that comes to her down to the finest grain. Let her examine what there is left of love without responsibility after the poetry and the flowers and tinsel have been washed away. She will find nothing, for such love is light and weak and without substance. The least wind of adversity blows it away. Love is not love that is not strong and self-sacrificing, that "alters when it alteration finds." Let her realize that an illegal offer of love, no matter how attractively couched, is an insult to her intelligence, if not to her morals. It must appeal to her as bad business, if not bad ethics.

Real love, the love with responsibility, which gladly hails any contract that protects the welfare of the beloved, is an equal exchange of hearts and

interests. People who really love cannot think of taking advantage of each other any more than they would think of taking advantage of themselves. But the illegal love seeks all of woman and gives nothing in return but heartache, shame, and ostracism. Can a man love who asks such a sacrifice from a woman?

Love is a fairy island of priceless treasures, and marriage is the necessary Gibraltar to protect it.

Only the man who is ready to place "The laws of marriage character'd in gold, upon the blanch'd tablets of her heart" offers the love that a sensible and sensitive woman may consider.

CHAPTER V

THE LOVE TEST

A WOMAN may test the genuineness of a man's feelings for her by asking herself the following questions, "Does he cherish my good name? Is he careful of my health? Does he protect me from myself as well as from all the world? Will he sacrifice his own pleasures for my desires? Will he deny himself to gratify me? Will he go to great length, to great inconvenience, to great self-sacrifice to accomplish my welfare?" And when she can conscientiously and truly, without deluding herself, say *yes* to these questions, she may be sure she is being loved. And on the other hand, when she is reasonably sure he will do none of these things for her, even while courting her ardently, she may be just as sure that she is merely the chosen victim of his passion only.

However, the physical is never absent from real love, for the physical is an essential part of personality, which is soul. Hence the many mistakes that occur in both love and marriage. People ornament their bodies to attract love and succeed in appealing only to passion. They don't seem to

realize that the soul that attracts or repels real love, cannot be dressed or ornamented. It stands naked in its beauty or ugliness. Alas for the man or woman who marries for passion alone, for when passion burns itself out, each is left a useless ash heap to the other and to the world at large. And "thrice blessed" are they who wed for love. They will feel Heaven, since "God of a beautiful necessity is Love."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

"All love is sweet, given or returned," says the poet, but "There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream." Alas! that so often it is only a dream; or is it a dream only when it is young love, when the character and the imagination are plastic and always ready to receive impressions, when the world is viewed through rose-colored glasses, and romance surges through the heart and brain; when every man is true and a hero, and every woman virtuous and an angel? The age of romance and chivalry is not dead. It is constantly being born again in young love, and that is why it is so sweet.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

"... for love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholder's sight."

SPENSER.

There is no such thing as love at first sight if you give the word love its proper import. There is an attraction at first sight, a magnetism, an electric spark that passes between two people who are drawn to one another. They long to see each other again. They dream of each other, perhaps, and indeed, for the time being, if the attraction is very strong, everything else of a worldly nature sinks into insignificance.

But it is essentially a fair weather love, a love of externals, a love that runs smoothly so long as its surroundings are attractive and desirable. The love is ephemeral, it has no lasting qualities, it has had no chance to test itself. A youth may be violently stricken with "love at first sight" but if his innamorata should sicken or die or otherwise remove herself from his vision and influence, his violent attack of first sight love would naturally subside, and in most cases very quickly, too. And so it would be with her.

If this were real love, of course it would be very different. Love is a big, whole-souled, restful, satisfied feeling, a sense of possession of another soul welded into one's own, a sense of the responsibility for another being hanging over one, a longing for the welfare and happiness of that other being, a comforting sense of a kindred spirit always with one in work or play, joy or sorrow, a

realization of oneself in another, and a pain intolerable, a desolation unspeakable if that kindred spirit departs.

The so-called love at first sight is too superficial a thing to experience such depths, such infinitudes of feeling. It is a good beginning for real love, but real love is first an irresistible attraction, then a friendship based on a community of interests and a congeniality of tastes, with the inevitable touch of passion, the fire that melts all into one. Such is love, not at first sight, but an outgrowth of it.

You must summer and winter with a man or woman to discover whether he or she is necessary to your happiness. You cannot feel love without feeling this necessity, and you cannot feel this necessity on first sight.

LOVE DENIED

There are many people in this world to whom love never comes. They either do not know how to attract it or they don't realize the need of it. They may be classified somewhat as follows: The shrunken natures who do not require it, the unemotional who seek to repress it, the *roué* who has vulgarized love and has outlived his capacity for it, and the very busy men or women who have a career or a business, or an all-absorbing fad which takes up all their time, and which dries up their

love natures. For love, if not planted on productive soil, does not thrive; it needs nursing and constant attention to grow strong and healthy, and to blossom and become a thing of beauty.

The shrunken natures which do not require love are hopeless; they are the cripples of humanity. They are physically deficient, mentally warped, and are to be pitied; but not more so than a suffering world upon which they are thrust.

The busy man who is all wrapped up in his business has no time for love making.

"What are you striving for?" you feel impelled to ask.

"Money," he is sure to answer. "That is all there is worth striving for any way."

But if you look at him intently he will have the grace to blush, and add quickly, as if in apology, the trite saying, "Money's your best friend, isn't it? When everybody leaves you, you still have money; but they don't leave you when you have money. It's the only unfailing power and magnetism."

And you may answer, "Yes, but what is the good of all the money and power in the world to you, if there is no one you love to share it with, to rejoice in your success, to sympathize and help you in your failures, to multiply your joys and halve your sorrows? Without love, according to your phi-

losophy, all you ask of life is three square meals a day and a bed to sleep in. If that satisfies you, how do you differ from the ground hog?" As Tennyson says,

"He that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie,
Howling in utter darkness."

The people who love are well rounded out human beings. They have sympathy, a sense of humor, and a humanness that puts them in touch with every living thing. They know life—its joys, its pain, its promise, its purpose. In short they are human, they have understanding, and that is the big thing. Understanding isn't necessarily learning. It is larger, more encompassing, more comprehensive. A learned man who isn't human is a fool. A man who has understanding, owns the world, and no man has understanding of life who has not love, fine, intense, absorbing, love in its best and fullest sense.

GREAT LOVERS

The great thinkers of this world, the great writers, the great painters, the great musicians, the great actors on the mimic stage, as well as on the stage of life, and in every phase of the human drama, have been great lovers. The joys and sorrows of love have been as necessary to their

mental and spiritual development as the sun and the rain are necessary to plant life. Love, even when it brings anguish in its wake instead of joy, is better than no love.

LOVE DEMONSTRATIVE

Many people are without emotion or hide their love in a casement of reserve. But they are not the great ones of the earth and their influence is too limited to be considered. It is not enough to love. There is no satisfaction or help in undemonstrative love. It must be shown by an outpouring of affection without limit and without restraint. Love must be a supreme expression of Nature, big, independent, overpowering. For

“Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, . . .”

Love must be full of demonstrative affection. Kisses, embraces, acts of self-sacrifice, tender words of endearment are as necessary to lovers and their soul growth as the sun and dew are necessary to the life and growth of flowers. To repress the natural flow of affection is to stultify Nature. The intensely material who have no patience with the demonstration of love, who do not admit soul and spirit forces, cannot help but see that though they

stand on the earth, everything about them that is beautiful is of spirit force, and cannot be explained. And all life is ruled by spirit force and not by matter.

CHAPTER VI

THE SINGLE STANDARD OF ETHICS AND MORALS —POLYGAMY AND MONOGAMY

MEN and women do not love alike. Man, indulged through all the ages, has become through habit a polygamist. Woman, always suppressed, has become through the habit of repression a monogamist, with the one man idea her sole necessity. Woman expends much of her love nature on her children. And child bearing has of a further physiological necessity made her a monogamist.

Savage tribes of women living in remote corners of the earth, who have always had their freedom, and inherited freedom from their ancestors, who live close to the soil and choose their mates, are physically as strong as men and precisely as catholic in their sexual relations. Civilization that frees and exalts a woman's mental and spiritual self, makes a prisoner of her physical self.

Women of today are beginning to rebel against the laws or traditions that give men the freedom of their sex impulses and restrain women who are

just as human and whose natural desires are just as compelling and varied. Men, reveling in this freedom, have always made themselves believe it is a physiological necessity. But women today know that man's polygamy is merely a habit, an indulgence inherited from his ancestors clear to the days of Solomon and probably much earlier, because Solomon must have gotten his ideas from somewhere. If a man today had a thousand wives he wouldn't be considered wise but extremely foolish. In the stress of the present-day economics he has all he can do to take care of one wife. But supposing he were ambitious to collect a harem, he would be frowned upon and ostracized. Women are beginning to demand equal standards of decency and clean living from their men. A woman represses her desires because decent family life demands it. A man can and should do likewise because the same duty to family life operates on him.

FAMILY CONSIDERATIONS

So long as the family must be considered, and the family is the state, and the state is law, and law is civilization, there can be no equal rights between the sexes, for equal rights would make equal wrongs, and two wrongs never made one right. The solution of the problem lies only in men's justice, in men's decency and love of fair play.

Physiologically considered a woman cannot come down to man so let him strive to come up to her, and the race will be all the better for it. Men and women to be truly civilized must subscribe equally to the highest ideal of decent living—the one standard of morals and ethics for both.

There are men who lead clean lives and are as chaste as they require their women to be, and all honor to them. They have fought down a tradition of thousands of years for a principle. But they are still a very exclusive minority.

In the homes of the poor there is often more happiness in love and marriage than there is among the rich and fashionable of leisure. When a man has to work hard all day to support his wife and children, he has neither the time nor the vivacity left for flirtations. The opportunity and the desire are both lacking. But let him rise to wealth, luxury and leisure and his first thought is woman. To indulge his senses is his first demand in prosperity, and the erotic sense usually leads all other senses.

MAN'S LOVE

Because of these centuries of overindulgence to his appetites a man's love is always likely to be more body than soul love; hence his selfishness and lack of faithfulness. There are men, of course, isolated examples, who have achieved greatly by

the sheer force of love, and have risen to supreme heights by the power of their exalted passions. But men generally love selfishly.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'Tis woman's whole existence," says Byron. Although love and woman is his chief interest, man has a variety of other absorbing interests in his life. Business engrosses his mind, sports and athletics absorb much of his physical self. Hence man seldom loves with his whole nature—which conviction has probably caused Shakespeare to say, "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them,—but not for love."

WOMAN'S LOVE

Woman loves unselfishly as a rule. There are exceptions, of course, just as there are exceptions to the rule that men love selfishly. When a woman loves a man she will lose the whole world and count it well lost for his sake. She gives him her virtue, knowing that when he demands it he is basely unworthy of her. She undergoes tortures of mind and body for his pleasure. She gives him her youth, her beauty, her service, in fact her mind, body, and soul. She may have numerous other interests in her life, but they are only considered because they pass away the time when he cannot or will not see her. He is indeed her "whole ex-

istence." She overlooks his lack of gratitude, of appreciation. She endures his lack of attention, his grossness, his insults, his unfaithfulness. She loves him though he be fat, ugly and ignorant and possessed of revolting habits. She loves him through sickness and sorrow and poverty. He may be the poorest, meanest, most wretched of beings, but he is her own, and she loves him with a love that is pitiful and sweet and tragic. It is divine, because no mortal can understand it.

And yet the anomaly—More men love than do women, and most men marry for love, but most women don't. And women often grow to love these men they marry without love, while men very often grow to unlove these women they marry for love. In affairs of the heart, life seems to be one grand contradiction. —

THE FEMALE "VAMP"

Of course, there are women vampires but they are in the great minority, compared with male birds of prey. These female "vamps," not necessarily women of the streets, but in all walks of society, make love and its arts and artifices their profession and particular study. But surely the man who is caught by their wiles deserves to be caught. Man, instinctively the browbeater of woman since the stone age, blames her for all the unsavory episodes

in his career in which she has played a part. But in his heart of hearts he knows that he only is to blame. When his interest is waning, can the vamp keep him by her side with tears, or prayers, or threats of suicide or murder? He knows she cannot. She bores him, and on one pretext or another he frees himself from her ties, and escapes and forgets. But let the contrary be true. Let him still have an interest in that woman, let his desire for her be aroused, and nothing can drive him from her side, no matter how bad she may be. Her influence over him, for good or bad, is regulated entirely by his own passions. He may be a hod-carrier but the ecstasy of his own feelings makes him a poet. He may be a gentleman of many generations, but in five minutes his passions reduce him to a beast. But always man in his relations with woman considers himself first and supremely.

MAN'S TRANSGRESSION

When a man deliberately plays with fire he must expect to be burned. Every man knows the woman vampire in one day or ten days of his acquaintance with her. When he falls a victim it is not to her but to his own lust. And he can blame himself doubly, for it is only his influence that makes the woman vulture what she is. No woman ever went wrong on her own account. A man is

responsible for every woman's downfall. He has appealed to her heart or her vanity, until she was powerless to resist him. A woman is naturally bound to home, convention, propriety; she doesn't defy all these and make herself an outcast unless the temptation is very great. And man usually offers himself as that temptation.

A woman's love often begins where a man's love often ends. As Dupuy says, "Men marry to make an end; women to make a beginning." It is only after her possession of him that her tenderness envelops him like a soft, warm, and often suffocating mantle. It is only when she realizes that he is hers by legal or moral right, that her affection buds and blossoms. She loves him with her sex love, with her mother love and with the love of a friend and sister. That love is to the right of him, and to the left of him and surrounding him like a cloud or a halo. No way that he turns can he escape some form of that love, and soon, instead of being profoundly grateful, he begins to feel that he is choking to death, that he must have air, that a vision beyond these boundaries would be blessed freedom; that is the end, or dangerously near it. And all the while she continues to love, for woman's love is indeed blind.

WOMAN'S METHODS

Ovid in his treatise on the Art to Love, in advising women how to win a man says, "What is too readily granted does not retain love. Let him beg humbly. Sweet things cloy, tonics are bitter."

All women ask advice in love, but few women take it if it happens to go contrary to their desires. They pay little heed to logic and reason and act too often on their instincts that are nourished on hopes and desires instead of facts.

Many a woman tries to force a man's love, or finding it waning tries desperately to recall it. But love cannot be forced or coerced, or ordered. It comes, stays or goes, of its own free will, and nothing one can do will change its course. Love cannot be bought or sold, borrowed or stolen. It is the only absolutely free agent in the world, and every other factor must bow before it.

A woman is always up in the air with her love, and she won't come down to solid earth. She uses no reasoning power, but relies wholly upon her instinct, that sense that is so wrapped in and actuated by more or less unconscious illusion and delusion. She argues within herself that a man must love her for no other reason than that she loves him, when as a matter of fact of all imaginable reasons in the world for his loving her, that

is the most unimaginable. A woman will never learn that a man loves her for his own sake, not for hers, and that nothing is more remote from his love than pity. Because a woman doesn't calculate love as sanely as she does numerous other but less vital problems in her life, she continues to be at a disadvantage wherever her heart is involved. She is not a good loser, and she is not gallant.

"Oh, 'tis the curse in Love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved."

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER VII

FRIENDSHIP

IF you have a single true friend you are fortunate. If you have two or three you are blessed indeed, because you are wealthy beyond the wealth of most men. Persons who are influential and prosperous have scores of so-called friends, sycophants, bootlickers, flatterers and boon companions. If by some whim of fate this person should lose his affluence, as so often happens, where are his so-called friends? Gone, with his money, of course. Gone somewhere else where the picking is good, and where they can again shine in reflected glory.

What a sickening sight is this pretense of friendship that we see everywhere! Just as molasses attracts flies so success attracts friends to a man. And when success leaves him, his friends, like vultures, leave him because there is nothing more left to feed upon. Now, these so-called friends can tell him with a laugh of derision what they really think of him. It wasn't policy to do so when he was rich.

But perhaps one or two of them will come for-

ward and lend a helping hand! It happens often among men. Men have rather more of the gift of friendship for one another than have women. Man's inhumanity to man may make the angels weep, but I am sure that the angels blush at woman's inhumanity to woman. Of course there are splendid contradictions to these rules, but generally speaking, true friendship in the full sense of the word is the rarest as well as the most precious human attribute. —

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP

Acquaintances are not friends. Probably no word in the language is so often misapplied as friend. True steel is tested by fire. So is true friendship tested by the fires of adversity. When you're poor and sick and shabby, and some one stands by with love and courage and service, that is true friendship. When you've disgraced yourself and some one stands by to protect you with his love and good name though everybody else shuns you, that is friendship. When some one shares with you, though that sharing means endless self-denial, that is friendship. When some one goes through unlimited pain and trouble to raise you up, to bring out the best there is in you, to make you realize yourself, to give you all happiness and spare you all sorrow, that is friendship. And finally, if he

is ready to die for you, "for greater love hath no man than that he give up his life for his friend," that is friendship.

Friendship asks nothing in return for all this love and service. Like virtue, it is its own reward. It is self-sustaining. The moment it seeks a reward other than its own joy and satisfaction in being, it is not true friendship.

AN EXAMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP

A woman wrote me a letter once to this effect. She had a husband whom she adored, and a woman friend who lived in the same house with her to whom she was devoted. She began to notice that her husband paid a good deal of attention to her friend, and it was also made clear to her that although her friend loved the husband she was trying her best to discourage his attentions because of her friendship for her, the man's wife. The distressing story of this not unusual triangle continued for a while, until the wife took this action, which certainly was an extreme and unusual way out of the difficulty. She knew that both her husband and her friend would deny that they cared for one another, and that in any case they would refuse any self-sacrifice on her part to further their happiness. So she made it appear that she no longer loved her husband and that she did love

another man, and that she had given her husband cause to divorce her. In due time she secured her divorce, and soon her husband and her friend were married. And the extraordinary part of the story is that she rejoices in the happiness of her friend for whom she sacrificed so greatly.

You will say that since her husband no longer loved her, she wasn't losing much by giving him up to her friend. But she gave up her home, her security, and greatest of all, her good name, a woman's most precious possession. That is true friendship, when some one gives you his good name, friendship as rare as it is beautiful. When some one gives you happiness at the expense of his own happiness, that is true friendship. Many men have sacrificed themselves as this woman has, but I am sure hers is a very rare case among women.

Friendship develops great heroes on the battlefield of life.

WHAT FRIENDSHIP MEANS

Friendship technically is love without passion. It is the tie that brings together in cordial relationship men and women of similar tastes and ideals, and is a bond of sympathy which two beings feel for one another regardless of sexual feeling.

Nothing is so necessary to our general development as friendship. To have a true friend is to

learn from his example that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Our relatives are thrust upon us but our friends are of our own choosing and therefore reflect credit or discredit upon us according to their acts. Our friends are the standards by which we are judged, consequently it is our pride to live up to our highest ideals, as we expect them to do, in order to reflect credit each upon the other. Indeed it is the sense of duty and obligation imposed on us by our friendships that are among the most broadening and inspiring influences in our lives.

REQUIREMENTS OF FRIENDSHIP

Friendship requires certain definite conditions and terms and is impossible between two persons whose ideals and aspirations are so unlike that a perfect understanding cannot exist between them. Although men of different dispositions, temperaments and degrees of attainment are often the staunchest of friends, it is because of their wide, clear, and perfect understanding, their mutual sympathy, and a magnetic something that attracts them toward each other. Friendship is spiritual love and is founded on spiritual attraction. And to keep friendship alive and active requires fully as much attention as physical love.

If you have a true friend, you learn the joys

of self-sacrifice through yourself and him. You know what it is to live, not for yourself, but for others, which is the very essence of life's usefulness. You experience the joys of sharing, for there is nothing you would not share with your friend, and there are no burdens of yours that he will not gladly help you bear. He patiently tolerates your tempers, he tries to correct your faults, he tells you the truth about yourself, but tells it so gently and tactfully that you are not filled with wrath, but with a wholesome desire to improve yourself; he rejoices when you are glad, and mourns when you are sad. There is nothing so exhilarating, so joyous and wholly satisfying as the companionship and confidence of a real friend. You know he understands you, no matter what your moods, or what you say. You do not have to talk your head off to him, or laugh to cover your tears. He understands absolutely, even though you do not utter a word, and that sympathetic understanding is a wondrous, joyous and holy thing.

Yes, friendship is a holy thing, and it is positive desecration to use the term in the flippant and meaningless way in which we are now so often accustomed to hear it. A friend will live, work, sacrifice, or die for you. You love your friend better than yourself; that is the meaning of friendship. A friend makes the ugliest and remotest

spot on earth a possible and even beautiful place to live in, and without him you are lonesome and discontented in the very garden spot of the world. Such only is friendship; when you apply the term to any chance acquaintance, it is an absurd misnomer.

Friendship makes life beautiful and worth while. Without it, life is neither one nor the other.

PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP

Is a platonic friendship, which is essentially love without passion, possible between a man and a woman, is a common question.—Yes, most decidedly, when neither appeals to the other, physically. It is the physical attraction between a man and a woman that creates passion, and when passion enters in, of course, it ceases to be platonic friendship.

To feel a platonic friendship for each other, neither the man nor the woman must feel the sex impulse, nor have for each other the kind of attraction that calls forth passion. They must naturally have a deep affection for each other, an all-pervading spirit of helpfulness, devotion, admiration, and any of the qualities that go to make up a brother and sister love between people who are not related by ties of blood. But all this complexity of emotion just stops short of the one thing

—the call of nature between two people of opposite sex who are physically attracted to one another.

This relationship called platonic friendship is possible between a man and a woman, but it is a very rare condition. Girls and boys, men and women enter into this friendship in perfect good faith, and often they manage to keep faith with themselves and each other, but more often they find that the call of nature is too strong, especially if they are young, see each other often, and have a community of interests and affections not otherwise engaged. Then the so-called platonic friendship is a delusion and a snare; then they must give up pretense, or go on deceiving themselves with open eyes.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP

There are many questions in this world that will never be answered, and they are sane and vitally important questions, too. One of these is, why aren't women better friends to women? They need each other so much! Each knows what the other must suffer. Each knows the struggles, pains and disappointments of her sister woman, and the unjust criticism of an unjust world to all women. Yet it is a woman who first condemns her, who scorns her, laughs at her, goes out of her way to say harsh things about her, and turns the

cold shoulder to her at just the time when she should clasp her to her bosom and shower upon her all the love, sympathy and kindness that is really in a woman's heart to give.

There are women, of course, who are true friends to each other, just as there are exceptions to every rule. There are women who love each other truly, unselfishly, devotedly, but such friendships are as rare and refreshing as oases in the desert. It is painful to state, but it is true, nevertheless, and each woman knows it within her own heart, that the usual enemy of woman is woman. They are jealous of each other; they watch each other as cats do mice, to see that one does not gain the supremacy over the other. Their "bone of contention," of course, is always man. I suppose if there were no men in the world to quarrel over, women would love each other, but then they would die of *ennui*. As long as there is a man, however, each woman will strive to outdo the other in her struggle to attract his attention, and as long as there are men to deceive trusting women, so long will there be women to denounce these deceived and wounded unfortunates, and whether they do it from a smug satisfaction that they themselves are sin proof, or from a secret anger that their virtue has never been tested, is an open question.

A woman in trouble turns naturally to a sister

woman. Where else can she, or should she find the understanding, the love and sympathy that only a woman can give her? And the pity of it that this friendship is so often denied. Men make fallen women, but women are really responsible for them. If women were true to themselves and to each other, there would be no such thing as a fallen woman, for she would be helped to rise before she had fallen, by the loving arms of a loving sister woman, who regarded her own purity not as something that she was afraid would be besmirched by contact with her unfortunate sister, but as a help and inspiration to them both.

There is no creature so immoral as the virtuous woman who has no sympathy for a fallen sister. She is a human anachronism—a mistake, a discord. The fallen woman, as a rule, has too much heart, and is therefore her own worst enemy; but the aforesaid virtuous woman has no heart at all, and is, therefore, an enemy to all womankind.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIPS

Friendships are easier made in youth and if fostered are stronger than those formed in later life; but no matter how strongly we may have cared for some friend of long ago, if through circumstances we have not kept that friendship active, and if in later years we meet, we always

have certain feelings of wonder that this now remote tie ever influenced us so much in the past. Our mutual understanding has vanished and we no longer have any common ground upon which to meet. If we renew our friendship, it will only be because new grounds of understanding and sympathy have drawn us together again, and not because of the friendship of long ago, which has only served us now, as a mutual friend might, to introduce us. In later life we find it more difficult to make ties of friendship. We cease to have the same point of view with the new generation that surrounds us, and we no longer strive toward that toleration and human understanding necessary for the making of new friendships.

The little cooing baby stretches out is chubby hand to all comers and makes friends with everybody, and everybody loves it. But old age is more reserved and shrinks within itself and doesn't seek new friendships, and because old friends die away, and new ones are not sought, old age is often sad and lonely, retrospective and self-centred.

That is why old age is so pitiful and youth is such a joyous and glorious thing. It is full of curiosity, full of glowing impulse, keenly alive to all living things and stretches itself out among them, grasping and giving love, companionship and sympathy.

CHAPTER VIII

ENGAGEMENTS—THE PROPOSAL

“**H**OW shall I make him propose?” That is the question I am asked a hundred times a day.

A man shows an interest in a woman and perhaps calls on her to spend a pleasant evening at her home, or he takes her out to a dance or to the theatre. He repeats this performance if he finds her an agreeable companion. All too soon her hopes are raised that his intentions are serious, that is that he means marriage. The chances are that the marriage question is firmly lodged in her mind long before it even remotely enters his. In fact the tendency of the times seems to be for the man to approach the marriage question with great hesitancy and very meagre enthusiasm. Even when he is ready to acknowledge that marriage is desirable and that it is high time for him to contemplate it, he still hesitates and finds it very difficult indeed to propose, not because he is bashful, or that he is trying to sidestep the issue, but the whole idea seems to go against the grain. His

mind flounders helplessly with the problem and in nine cases out of ten the girl has to plot and manoeuvre and so surround him with the marriage idea and suggestion, that there is no escape for him and he finds himself engaged. How it came about, he doesn't quite know. She knows, however, and no general ever manoeuvred an army into victory with more skill than she employed in getting her sweetheart to propose.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE LOVER OF TODAY AND OF FORMER TIMES

What is it that has changed the chivalrous, devoted, romantic lover of the past to the hard headed, cold blooded, unchivalrous, unsentimental creature of today? Then he did propose, surely, and in the most flowery language that his emotions prompted. Or he was bashful and hesitant because his lady love inspired him with such reverence that he feared he could never be good enough to deserve her. How he used to wait for her and wait on her! How perfect and how courtly his behavior, and how tenderly and solicitously he attended her wants. She had but to look her desire and it was a perfect Heaven for him to accomplish it. The more difficult her desires were to grant, the happier was he in surmounting the difficulty to accomplish her happiness.

What have we today? We have Lady Governors of States, and Lady Congressmen, and Lady Judges, and Lady District Attorneys, and Lady Stump Speakers, and Ladies in every cause, profession and endeavor, carrying the banner at the head of every parade, strutting independently and victoriously throughout the length and breadth of the land. The effect of all this upon the men of this generation is the answer as to whether women are as victorious as they think they are, and what this victory is worth, if anything, in the long run. In proportion as women are asserting their capabilities and their independence the men are leaving them to that independence. They are beginning to look upon women as fellow men. They are not showing chivalry to a weaker sex because no longer does there seem to be a weaker sex. Men are leaving women to shoulder the burdens of life that they were so eager to show that they were capable of shouldering. And so women are caught in their own net.

A man was never so hesitant to let himself in for an engagement to marry as he is today. He doesn't trust women. He is afraid of them. The evil spirit of the breach of promise suit is in the air. He hates to commit himself for he never knows what new law for the protection of woman may enmesh him. And since he has the subconscious

feeling that the weaker sex is now the stronger and more powerful one, ready to destroy him or his peace of mind or his bank account at any moment, he tries in every way, when he can do so without being called to account, to get the best of the woman in every adventure of life. He is no longer chivalrous to her because he feels that she no longer needs his protection. Instead he tries to protect himself in every encounter with her.

Whether he is an old man or a young man, experienced in the ways of life or merely a boy in school or college, he exacts tribute for every attention that he pays her. The young school girl can't be taken to a party by a young man that he doesn't demand that she isolate herself with him in some dark corner where he may indulge his erotic appetite at the expense of her youth and purity. This pernicious and vulgar defacement of the decencies of life that are now tolerated in all social circles was formerly limited to prostitutes and *roués*, but it now seems to be the common thing in all social circles for men, young and old, to show a lack of respect to women, young or old. Do the men treat women so for the sole reason that they have shown themselves to be self-reliant and need no quarter? Or do women generally, in this day and generation, deserve such treatment? Do men resent the position that women have taken and

are they thus showing their resentment? Women are still the mothers of the world, and as such, they do not deserve nor should they tolerate this lack of courtesy, of chivalry and consideration. But, on the whole, isn't the woman who shows man how excessively self-reliant she can be making the great mistake of her life?

HOW LONG ENGAGEMENTS?

There are too long engagements, and too short ones. It is just as fatal to know one's betrothed too well, as not well enough. If Mary is engaged to John for more than a year, he is much more likely to wear on her than grow on her. She will gradually discover that his individuality includes some very aggravating idiosyncrasies.

A woman likes to be cared for. She likes the feeling of security that being engaged gives her, and no matter how faulty the man becomes, no matter how surely the illusions vanish as his true nature becomes revealed to her through long and familiar association, he becomes a habit with her, and heart and habit with a woman are almost one. Hence she grows more or less fond of him, and clings to him through thick and thin, through trouble and disaster, much as a drowning man clings to a straw. If she analyzed her feelings she would discover that she clings to him merely

to save herself, to give herself the smug comfort of being engaged. But she thinks it is love, this habit of being with him, of having him call regularly Sundays and holidays and two or three times a week. She depends on his calls and attentions for they help to fill her life. She enjoys talking of her experiences with him to her women friends, and for these privileges of the engaged girl, a woman clings desperately to any kind of an engagement, and almost never breaks an engagement of her own accord, no matter how obvious a mistake she is making, unless, of course, another lover waits to give her a better position.

And John, whose love for Mary is mostly an illusion, since men are nearly always in love with love, and with the creature of their imagination, rather than with the real woman, never recovers when time and familiarity show him that his ethereal love is a flesh and blood woman with a big appetite and peevish fancies. While Mary discreetly hides her disappointment in John, for he, personally, figures much less in her scheme of marriage, than the home and his support. But John's only reason for marrying Mary is Mary herself, and nine times out of ten there is no wedding after a long engagement, for John cannot brook his broken illusions. Nine-tenths of all broken en-

gagements are due to the loss of man's illusions, resulting from a too long engagement.

THE SHORT ENGAGEMENT AND ELOPEMENT

In the too short engagement, however, Mary and John have no chance at all. Each believes the other a perfect being and most likely the precise opposite of what each really is. Consequently when the illusions have vanished, and they usually do very shortly after marriage, each reproaches the other for being buncoed, for being snared into the net, for receiving goods under false pretenses.

Among the short engagement class are the impulsive elopers. It is safe to say that few couples elope after they have been engaged a year. They are safe and sane then, and some reason guides their actions. But when young people fall violently in love with each other on first sight, and conspire a hasty engagement, the world is theirs, with no third person to be considered. Suppose there is a third person and a fourth in the shape of the girl's father and mother, or the boy's parents, all of them objecting violently to the union; then there is not only a hasty and secret engagement, but an elopement. There is a special Providence that cares for children, drunkards and lunatics. Would that young elopers might be included in this protection, for they surely need it.

When Mary's mother objects to her going with John, it is a sign for her to stop, look and listen, if she has any regard for her future peace of mind. It is not a sign for her to meet him secretly on street corners or in hotel parlors, and plan to elope. When mother objects it means she has a good, solid reason for so doing, that she can see farther ahead than Mary, who seeing John through the eyes of young love, doesn't see him at all, but the god of her romantic dreams, who is probably as little like the real John as the proverbial chalk is like cheese; and mother objects, not to injure Mary, but to benefit her.

There are unreasonable mothers, of course, but they are very much in the minority. The usual mother wants to see her daughter happily married; indeed that is her chief aim in life. So if Mary has any reasoning power she will conclude that mother's objections are founded on her convictions that such a marriage will not make her daughter happy. Only when Mary is fully twenty-one, and not earlier, and her heart still tells her to marry John, notwithstanding all reasonable objections that have been advanced by her nearest and dearest, then let her marry him. No other man, then, is as eligible to become her husband as John, if he is the man she loves, for love must be the foundation of every marriage.

Mothers are very prone in their eagerness for their daughters' material welfare, to choose for them suitors with money, regardless of love or any other consideration. It is Mary's duty to listen to her mother with all due respect, to consider her propositions at great length, and not to act against them until she has duly weighed the pros and cons, and not to make a final decision until she has arrived at the legal marriageable age, when she is supposed, at least, to know something of her own mind. When all is said and done, however, Mary must consult her own heart, and take the man she loves, for she and she alone must live with him, and it is her life, and his, perhaps, that will be made or marred by her choice. Mothers must not take the responsibility of choosing for their daughters of reasonable age or they will earn the blame that is sure to come to them later, at the slightest dissension that arises in marriages that were made on such parental advice. /

An elopement, that delightfully romantic affair according to young lovers, is nothing more than a secret wedding with a dishonest flavor to it and an atmosphere surrounding it that savors more of mystery that is shame, than of delightful romance. Wedding bells that should clang joyously are hushed, and loving friends who want to kiss the bride and hug the groom, and shout their con-

gratulations, are silenced, mystified and thrust in the dark. The happy event that all the couple's little world should know and rejoice at, the tearful embrace of mother, the broken, fervent blessing of father, the merrymaking of friends and relatives, the wedding gown, the wedding cake, and all the other thousand little details that occupy the bride and her friends for weeks before the wedding, and linger fondly in their memories for the rest of their lives, this event that every girl looks forward to and no girl should be deprived of, is changed by an elopement into a secret with a deception, and such an affair reflects no credit on the elopers, certainly not in the eyes of their friends, for they gossip over and discuss it long afterwards, and wonder why, and attribute all kinds of motives that would make the groom rave and the bride blush.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

One thing is certain. Mary and John must have some romance with which to start married life, but it must be romance founded on fact, not fancy, as in the case of too short engagements, nor the romance worn threadbare of the long engagement. Hence it would seem that the proper thing to do would be to strike a happy medium, although a happy medium is an extreme to some people, and

a mild inadequate to others. Therefore, to know how long to be engaged, Mary and John must consult each other, not Hoyle or the almanac. They must consider each other's age, temperament, financial and physical condition, and thereby fix upon the date. Clearly, if Mary is fifty and John sixty, they have no time to waste on speculation of any kind. It is for them to motor or run to the nearest justice of the peace. The acquaintanceship that led each to choose the other, is quite sufficient for marriage without an engagement, or any other preliminary fuss. They may even elope if they so desire. Age has privileges.

But if Mary and John are respectively eighteen and twenty, and Mary isn't out of school yet and John is struggling for a position, then they are due for a long engagement, which in the circumstances they may enter upon without fear, for such youth is so full of exuberant romance that very little can happen to dispel it. Even then, however, it would be much better for each to leave the other free until about a year before they were ready to be married, which brings us to the fairly positive statement that under all ordinary conditions a year is an adequate time to be engaged. It is the happy medium between the too long and the too short engagement.

If Mary and John can't tell in a year

whether they are going to "live happy ever after," they will never be able to tell. On the other hand, if they find out that they are not suited to one another, they should have the courage, the wisdom and the foresight to break the engagement. A broken engagement is a sad affair, of course, a shattering of hopes, ideals, happiness; but it is hilarity compared to a divorce, for that means the wrecking of two lives and the defrauding of innocent third victims of their home rights and their parents. If there were more broken engagements there would be fewer divorces; but a woman once engaged, rightly or wrongly, cannot bear to let go, and a man with a breach of promise suit staring him in the face, doesn't dare to escape. The consequence is an unhappy marriage which being a foregone conclusion, no one wonders at nor has any pity for, and it is followed by the inevitable resort to the divorce court.

An engagement is one of those delightful things that must be shared equally by two, in exact proportions. It cannot go on successfully, for instance, if Mary thinks the world of John and he has to be shaken before he realizes that she is in the land of the living. A surfeit of love on one side does not make up for a deficiency on the other, as so many deluded women force themselves to believe. "Love begets love" in rare instances only between men

and women. John loves Mary for his own sake, not for hers, not because she loves him, but because her personality attracts him; but women either cannot or will not realize this. They persist in forcing themselves on the attentions of men when obviously the attraction has not been mutual, and when such a man has been inveigled into an engagement, they insist upon keeping the struggling and dissatisfied victim in the toils. But they gain a very sorry victory, as after-events are sure to prove. Love must be mutual and run smoothly, despite the old adage to the contrary; it must be all harmony—it cannot endure discords in its own composition. All the outside world may go wrong, and love, if it is true love, will stand firm, but if it has a distemper tugging at its own roots, it cannot attain a healthy growth, but must eventually wither and die, no matter how favorable the outside conditions.

THE LONG ENGAGEMENT

Any woman past twenty-five who enters upon a long engagement is wasting her time after the first year of it. Barring a few rare exceptions there is no reason why two normal persons should be engaged for longer than a year. If, in a year of courting a girl, a man isn't sufficiently imbued with a sense of his new responsibility to make himself physically and financially fit for marriage, he

never will be after that, and as time passes and the girl continues patiently to wait, she begins to be regarded by him not so much as a beacon light, but as a millstone around his neck. Instead of continuing to be alert and attentive, he becomes tired and careless, for it is notably true that long familiarity with such a condition brings more or less of a contempt for it that is not inspiring.

Physical or financial unfitness on the part of the man are usually the two most important conditions that delay or postpone a marriage beyond the proper allotted engagement period. And they are just the two conditions that should not obtain, or be tolerated by the girl. If a man is ill and can't be cured within a year, he should be pronounced incurable and unfit for marriage by the girl, the state, and all the powers that be that govern his marriage. A woman owes it to her children to give them a heritage of health. For people to marry who are not entirely healthy and fit to produce healthy offspring, is a sin to each other, their children and the state, which can never be pardoned.

And if a man has objectionable habits that he cannot rid himself of within a year, let the girl be convinced that he will never get rid of them. Let her not marry him to reform him. Everybody knows that the revision of values is decidedly downward after marriage. It is always before marriage

that a man puts his best foot forward. After marriage he rests on his laurels, or thistles as the case may be.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR MARRIAGE

During the engagement period Mary and John should prepare themselves for marriage, for living together and making their home. They should take stock of what they have to begin housekeeping with, what they are likely to require, and slowly but surely make up the deficiency before they reach the appointed time when they will be pronounced one. And this preparation is not greatly dependent on whether they are rich or poor, nor does it differ much accordingly. A good wife is a good wife whether she has ten or a thousand dollars a week to do with, even though her domestic duties change somewhat with the income. If she is rich her selection of furniture is naturally of a better grade than if she were poor, and it isn't so essential that she know how to make bread and boil water, but it is absolutely necessary for every woman to know something of domestic science, to be able to practice domestic economy, to keep her house in order, whether she does it herself, or superintends the work of servants. It is a credit to any woman, rich or poor, to be able to go into her kitchen and prepare a full-fledged, self-respecting Sunday dinner;

when no mere cook can give her heart failure by threatening to leave at an inopportune time. Indeed, of such a woman the servants are very slow to take advantage. She fills them with awe and a holy respect.

But to prepare herself to be a good wife Mary has other duties before her than cooking and house-keeping. She learns to be a true helpmeet to John by being his companion, confidante and business partner. She learns to be interested in the affairs that occupy him during the day and that produce their income. Many a man boasts that when he enters his home he leaves all business behind, and if he is that kind of a man and happy in his reticence, and his wife is happy in it also, well and good for them both. But most men are not like that. The affairs of the day buzz in their brains when they get home in the evening and if the wife isn't a sympathetic listener, some man friend or woman friend outside the home gets the benefit of the day's joys or sorrows. Man is not a secretive animal; on the contrary he is very talkative, much more so than woman. To talk of himself and the things that interest him are his especial delights; and in whom is it more natural for him to confide than the friend of his bosom, his wife? It is safe to say that she doesn't remain the friend of his bosom very long if she doesn't take a keen

delight, real or affected, in the things he likes to talk about. The confidences between husband and wife are the strongest ties that bind them together. Directly they become secretive, they grow apart.

To Mary, preparation for good wifehood includes primarily her sympathetic interest in his work and her help to make that work successful. She entertains the friends who will be helpful to him, and if she finds that by typewriting his letters, she can be more useful than by scrubbing the kitchen floor, she at once calculates that it is poor economy to spend a ten dollar talent on a two dollar job. She continues to typewrite his letters and hires someone else to scrub the kitchen and puts the difference in earnings in their treasury, to which each has an equal right.

In no other way can Mary be so useful to John as in her judicious expenditure of the money he earns. Whether a man is poor or prosperous depends so largely on his wife that a woman assumes a grave responsibility in taking charge of his affairs, as she must, to be a true helpmeet. And we all know how very few modern American women are capable of this duty. In France and other European countries nearly every man owning a shop of any kind has his wife preside over the cash drawer and she is responsible

for every coin that enters or leaves it. She is his financial exchequer and the consequence is that he is always on the up-grade, with a snug sum in the bank, and the children away at school receiving their proper education.

In America, women of the same position, socially and financially, spend their husband's incomes recklessly, instead of saving it, and live from hand to mouth, with never a dollar put aside for a rainy day or a thought for the future, so long as they can dress fashionably, dine in cafés, go to theatres and operas, and make the same showing as the wealthy women who set the pace.

Mary and John should take note of their income, divide the sum equally, agree upon what each should spend for personal expenses, put aside the proper sum for the home and put the rest in the bank each week, whether it be fifty cents or fifty dollars. If such a system were adopted by all young couples at the very beginning of their wedded career, there would be less extravagance on the wife's part, less bad thoughts and worse language on the husband's and the whole domestic machinery would run more smoothly.

It should be a part of every girl's education and preparation for marriage to learn how to spend money and how not to spend it, in short, to know the full purchasing power of every dollar that comes

into her possession. Not that every American woman is extravagant. If I have given that impression of my belief I humbly apologize. Half the women who marry know the value of the dollar only too well. With the allowance that the average lord and master allows his chattel, a woman must pinch and save and do some very painful gymnastics to make both ends meet. Most men allow any passing breeze to waft away their money and think nothing of it, but every man believes that his wife can or should have every dollar he gives her nailed down or framed where it can never get away and he can always see it. A dollar looks like thirty cents to the average husband, but directly he hands it to his wife it assumes to him the proportion of thirty dollars.

The most practical and sensible thing that Mary and John can do during their year of engagement is to talk over their prospects, honestly and frankly divide interests, and work, she in her way, he in his, toward the completion of their future domestic happiness.

CHAPTER IX

KISSES

"First time he kissed me but he only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write ;
And, ever since, it grew more clear and white,
Slow to world greeting ; quick with its 'Oh, list !'
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst,
I could not wear it plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought my forehead ; and half missed,
Falling upon my hair. Oh, beyond meed !
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did preside.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state ! Since when indeed,
I have been proud, and said 'My love, my own !' "

MRS. BROWNING.

A MOTHER'S KISS

WE come into the world with a kiss, a
mother's kiss, gentle, joyous, sweet
and pure, touching our ugly little
puckered-up red faces like a zephyr. We
leave the world with a kiss, perhaps a daughter's
kiss placed with trembling reverence and unspeak-
able woe upon our cold, white faces. And all
through life kisses follow us, in small or great

number and in varying degrees of warmth, depending on the occasion, the person and the reason. But we all know what and why is kissing, and to most of us who are human, kissing is an essential part of our nature both to give, and to receive, being almost as incessant and compelling a want as the craving for food and drink. And in every civilized language the kiss is the most expressive movement the lips can make.

WHY TO KISS

No one has to learn how to kiss, for it comes as natural as eating and sleeping and breathing. But a great many people should learn why to kiss, and why and when not to kiss, for there are various kinds of kisses, good, bad and indifferent. The seductive kisses are usually bad, the good kisses often tasteless, but the indifferent kisses have no reason for being at all. And the average woman has a stock of about a dozen more varieties of kisses than man, and these are in keeping with the different deceptive personalities society compels her to assume to cover her own real self.

VARIOUS STAGES OF KISSING

The first kiss of the girl baby is when her wet, toothless open little rose of a mouth is pressed against her mother's cheek. It is a kiss entirely

without consciousness, intelligence, warmth, or feeling, yet to the mother it is the most exquisitely tender sensation she has ever experienced.

The next varying kiss of the little girl is when she is about three years old, and is coaxed to kiss daddy, or big brother, or one of the maiden aunts. There is a rising consciousness in the kiss now, for it is beginning to feel not its effect on the giver, but on the recipient. It is beginning to realize its value.

The next stage is when the little girl is about twelve, and kisses her playmates at school, both little girls and boys. By this time the girl enjoys kisses, enjoys the idea, without the feeling. She loves to kiss her mother and father, because she feels their kisses are a mark of favor and approval as well as affection. And she thinks it great fun to kiss the boys in school, because in her inner consciousness there is a latent feeling that it isn't quite right to do so.

The next stage is when self-consciousness is fully developed. The girl is about fifteen and has passed from girlhood to womanhood and knows something of the cause and the meaning of life. She trembles on the threshold of her newly awakened consciousness, and is afraid of moving for fear of making a false step. She is obsessed by alternate fears and longings, unformed yet compelling, and she is in

the most bashful and frightened period of her life. She no longer thinks it fun to kiss the boys. She runs from their importunities like a startled deer. She likes to hide, to isolate herself, to dream her wondrous dreams of love and lovers and kisses in a rose and gold world of her imaginings. Her dream life is the only real life to her, and all the realities about her mean nothing. She loves not the freckled-faced, good-natured boy who carries her books for her and shamefacedly gives her an orange or a flower, but the spectre that her fancy has wrought, of all the dashing and glorious young lovers of poetry and romance, that she has read about. Always the romantic fancies of her newly-awakened consciousness envelops the commonest facts in the tenderest visions of her mystic idealism. When a girl passes from girlhood to womanhood, with her new vision and realization of life, she is a lovely, pathetic and holy dream-maid. Never again will the world be so new and wonderful to her, with her new and inspired vision. And a kiss is a holy thing to her, something not to be thought of without blushing and trembling.

PROMISCUOUS KISSING

The next transition takes a year or two or, perhaps, three years to realize itself. When the girl is seventeen or eighteen, she is thoroughly sophisti-

cated and she harbors no more illusions, either of lovers or kisses or knights of romance. The wondrous touch of divinity that hedged her with its mystery and mysticism, and that gave her an inspired vision, has vanished, leaving her only her material, sordid self. She kisses often and promiscuously, and recklessly. She kisses her girl friends without caring for them, and she kisses her boy friends because they ask her to and because she fears to offend them by refusing. When a boy escorts her home from a party and asks for a good-night kiss, she complies indifferently, with or without hesitation, usually without a single sensation to herself other than the satisfaction of being able to please the boy whose attentions she feels she must have in order to be escorted to places where she wishes to go. Thousands of girls kiss boys for no other reason than that they feel they must do so to pay for that boy's attentions. And they are innocent of wrong intent, or they would surely realize the heinousness of their acts and the danger to themselves, not in the physical contact of a meaningless kiss, but in the moral, or rather very immoral, fact that they are selling themselves.

THE KISS OF LOVE

Suddenly comes to the girl the experience that makes her cast off promiscuous, unthinking kissing

as something now positively wrong, that she has hitherto dimly recognized as only negatively wrong. Comes to her the kiss that thrills her to the soul, that awakens her to the full joy of living, to a new world of delicious happiness. It is the kiss of love; and then she realizes for the first time the meaning of kissing.

Until now she has been the passively kissed and kissing, feeling a mild pleasure in her kisses of duty, or filial love, or friendship. Now she feels the joy of kissing, the erotic emotion of contact with one of opposite sex but similar tastes and desires. Her senses are intoxicated with the wine of love sipped through the lips, and from that moment she is another being.

A good woman who has once realized the holy, soul-thrilling sensation of the kiss of love will never again kiss lightly or promiscuously. It is like realizing religion; she can never scoff at it afterwards. I say *a good woman* advisedly, for a bad woman will continue to kiss promiscuously, just as she will continue to scoff at religion, because no amount of learning, nor experience, nor sensation can penetrate a dead soul, a lifeless conscience.

A Boy's Kiss

A boy is kissed in babyhood and likes it. He is kissed in early boyhood and suffers it. In school

he chases after little girls and kisses them because he knows it teases and annoys them. Then he has a period up to about the age of fifteen, when the very idea of a kiss is offensive to him. He runs from the relatives who would press the soft salutation upon his cheek or forehead. He is firmly convinced it is a sign of weakness and femininity in a boy to kiss, and the very thought of a girl makes him blush and stammer, and feel awkward and afraid.

But from fifteen onward he makes up for lost time. He feels the consciousness of contact, the seductive pleasure of his erotic emotions, and he tries to kiss every pretty girl, on some pretext or other, that comes within his reach. He kisses her at dances and parties, and he kisses her good-night when he escorts her home, all under the pretense of friendship, admiration, affection, but really for the pure pleasure that kissing one of the opposite sex gives to his senses.

A girl has an endless stock of kisses that mean nothing and have no reason, but a boy never kisses without having a reason, a reason sufficient for himself. He kisses for his own pleasure. I had almost said pure and simple, but it is not always pure, and it is more often complex than simple. The moment he begins kissing, he begins to lie and dissemble, not because society demands the decep-

tion of him that it does of women, but merely to further his own ends.

A MAN'S KISS

A man kisses his relatives from a sense of duty on dutiful occasions, but when he kisses a young woman not of his family, he does so purely for the pleasure of it, the erotic pleasure, the sensual excitement. A man has no other object in kissing, than to gratify himself. He may pretend to kiss a girl for friendship's sake only, with the pure kiss of friendship, but when he does so it is only because that particular girl does not arouse his passion, and that fact alone that neither of them can help nor explain, is her only protection. A man always kisses a girl for his own pleasure and gratification, never for hers. It is just as rare for a man to give a pretty young woman a passionless kiss as it is to feel a platonic friendship for her. And most women are beginning to understand this and are no longer deceiving themselves. When a woman kisses a man not related to her by blood or marriage, she knows the effect and the result.

A KISS AN INTIMATE THING

Experience is an individual thing and a relative thing. It is not what is, but what we feel, and we only feel according to the degree of our sensitive-

ness. Hence love means life to some natures, to others only a small part of life. A kiss to one woman is an unforgettable experience; to another it is only a mere incident.

So much for degrees of feeling, but to all clean, pure women, who would retain their fragrance, their flowerlike bloom, a kiss is an intimate, personal, holy thing, never to be given or received without love and thought. A sweet, sincere woman will never kiss another woman without feeling for her a sincere affection, or at least an affectionate impulse. It would be idle to say that a kiss must necessarily be a guarantee of lasting affection. We are all merely human, and puppets of time and nature, which often make sad havoc with our firmest resolutions. But what excuse is there for the empty kiss of society, the hypocritical peck on the cheek or lips that one woman so often gives another as a social duty, each hating the other in her heart of hearts and courting the first opportunity of libeling her? Surely such a kiss desecrates the giver, the recipient, society, and the whole function of kissing.

Nor can too much stress be laid on the evil of the all too common practice of light and promiscuous kissing. In fact, it is so common a practice that a girl feels like a prude in refraining from it and often suffers ostracism from her jolly compan-

ions because she will not soil her womanhood by joining in the game.

KISSING A DANGEROUS GAME

And that is just what it is, a game, in which a man and woman indulge for pleasure and excitement, and in which a woman always loses. Kissing as a game is not an innocent game, nor is it a fair one, when the man always wins.

I wouldn't ask a girl to be a prude, to sit around with downcast eyes and her fingers crossed. The time has passed when such a woman was admired. Prudishness is not purity. Today we recognize that innocence is not ignorance, but the broadest intelligence. Today we admire the character of steel that can stand the test of all fires, not the lily nature that shows every spatter of mud. A girl is no longer criticized for being jolly in every sense of the word, for being a thoroughly good fellow in comprehension and practice, and to such a one, her own broad intelligence, her own finely developed nature is her truest guide. She knows her limitations far better than the timid, insipid maid of old. She knows where to stop; she knows what may be demanded of her womanhood, and what must not be. And she values her lips, whose kisses are the expression of her soul-life, too highly to make them common property.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

The girl who indulges in promiscuous kissing is playing with fire. No girl who allows a man to kiss her for any other reason than love, can claim that she is kissing innocently. She is indulging herself and him purely for the erotic emotions such kissing may arouse, purely for the sensual excitement, and she knows full well that the man who is thus "trying her out," will not stop at kissing. Often, it is true, a girl is innocent of a man's intentions and consents to his taking "just one" innocent little kiss, feeling no other sensation in the caress than the pleasure of granting him the favor for his attentions. She may know at once, however, by the kind of kiss he gives her, whether it is a kiss of admiration, respect, affection or riotous passion. No girl was ever so innocent or devoid of feeling as not to be able at once to distinguish between them, and to protect herself accordingly.

Every girl recognizes the kiss of love. There is a tenderness, a carefulness, an expression of divinity about it that is felt even by the thickest comprehension and the dullest sensibility. Such a kiss is either preceded or followed by a declaration of love and protection. The other kind of kiss, the kiss of play and passion, robs a girl of her bloom and freshness, and gives her nothing

in return but contempt for allowing herself to be thus robbed.

KISSES FOR LOVE ONLY

If men and women are to be on an equal footing in kissing, in love, in work, in life, they must be fundamentally honest, they must be thoroughly themselves, not one trying to ape the other, or usurp the position of the other, or falsify to please the other. In kissing as in loving, women are not honest, but do the things they think will please men in order to hold their attentions. Under those conditions men are not to be blamed for falsifying in return, for gratifying themselves at the expense of women, knowing as they do that women are gratifying themselves at the expense of men. It is a sorry and heartrending game.

The time is coming, however, and each day brings us nearer to it, when women can and will be honest, when their kisses will be given for love only, not for dinners and theatre parties and costly attentions. When that day comes, men will realize that free kisses are to be had only from women to be avoided, and because the former will be so infinitely preferable, the latter will be avoided, and vanish into "thin air" for a lack of the reason for existence.

THE KEY TO PARADISE

The Greeks say that the kiss is "the Key to Paradise." "It gives health and strength," says Heine. "It carries life with it and bestows the gift of eternal youth," says the Duke of Anhalt, the Minnesinger; and the Persians had the same idea, and they doubtless have it yet. But we don't need poet nor layman to tell us what the kiss is. We all know according to our own experience and capacity for feeling. Through kisses we realize life and happiness, and breathe in the personality of the beloved. Through giving and receiving kisses we fertilize our natures, and we realize the widest and most comprehensive meaning of love, friendship, affection, pity, joy, sorrow, gratitude, sympathy. We cannot be too generous with our kisses, but if we are honest, if our nature is fine, we cannot be too exclusive.

THE KISS OF SYMPATHY

What a world of the profoundest sympathy can be expressed in a kiss of love or friendship! Suppose someone you love has met with a bereavement, or is suffering from any cause whatsoever. You long to envelop that being in the protecting mantle of your tenderness, and you cannot do it by holding aloof. You have the instinctive desire to fold

the beloved in your embrace, to press your lips to those of the dear one, and in the mingling of breaths, and in the contact of the sensitive flesh, you feel your heart going out to that of the beloved, in tenderest sympathy, in the full sense of that oft-used but little understood word—sympathy—to feel with, to suffer with, to enjoy with. The kiss is the live electric force that sets into motion the current of sympathy.

KISSES FOR EVERY MOOD

The same electric current brings love to life. The kiss is not only the birth of love, but it is its sustenance, its desire, its glory, its ambition. Love has many moods and many kisses to fit each mood. The kiss of respect on the forehead, the kiss of affection on the cheek, the kiss of gallantry on the hand, and the kiss of passion full on the lips. Love needs constantly to be fed on one or all of these kisses. It cannot live and flourish and beautify and grow strong and virile without kisses any more than can flowers without sun and rain. Kisses are to love what the elements are to vegetation, a necessity provided by Nature.

When lovers stop kissing, their love becomes suddenly stunted. There is no more progression of tenderness. They somehow verge to the ground of indifference. They cease to have that glowing

interest in each other that the physical contact of lips seemed to engender. The fuse seems to have burned out of the live wire of their love, leaving it spiritless, uninspired. In short, the stopping of kisses is identical with the death of love.

WHERE KISSES ARE LACKING

In the homes where kisses are lacking, there is no life in love. We all know what indifference there is between members of a family who do not know how to kiss, and what live love there is between those that do know and practice it without hesitancy or niggardliness. Brothers and sisters who kiss each other often and generously, and with pleasure and in the full tenderness of love, have a live interest in each other, as against the lifeless affection of those who never indulge in the physical contact. A mother who kisses her children constantly, roots their hearts in hers in an affection of constant and glorious bloom, while the mother who is less generous in the physical demonstration of her affection for her children, stunts their emotional natures, their powers of affection for herself as well as for others, and leaves their natures an arid desert, dry and unproductive.

THE KISS OF MARRIED LOVE

"Where heart, and soul, and sense in concert move
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart's quake,—for a kiss's strength
I think it must be reckoned by its length."

BYRON.

And the husband and wife who wish to keep their love young, bright, flowering, and always full of exultant hope and promise, must kiss. Not with the perfunctory kiss of matrimony, not only as a salutation, or at parting, or in play, or as a demonstration to their neighbors that they are happily married. A kiss never means anything when it is merely given as a demonstration before a third person. The kisses that are to be life giving to love, must be the contact between the two live wires of his heart and hers, his soul and hers, that fuses the electric current of their love through their lips in the long kiss of love and passion. The kiss of love is always the long, infinitely tender, lasting commingling of lips and breaths, when heart goes out to heart, and one soul mingles with the other. It is not the mere touching of the lips, but the pouring out of one soul to the other, all its wealth of love and hope and life.

CHAPTER X

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

SINCE the world began, the natural instinct of all living things has been to seek in mating, the reproduction of its kind, for a realization of the fullness of life. Added to this instinct, men and women have a soul, that is, an ideal of beauty; a mind that needs to express itself just as the body does. This composite need of the thinking animal is realized in the congenial companionship between a man and a woman. Of such is natural marriage.

But for economic reasons and for the stabilization of society generally, the legal process of marriage was evolved. The State obliges two people of the opposite sex to cleave unto one another through all the vicissitudes of life. To the masses this law is a protection, and more or less graciously accepted. But to a large and increasingly large number, apparently, this law is an irritation, because it restrains natural love and impulse.

All things in life are given to change, especially the human affections. The legal oath to love and cherish one another until death does them

part, is without meaning or import to the man or woman who has, for one or many reasons, outgrown the other in love, sympathy and understanding, all these qualities that have made the natural marriage. But for the good of society, and for man who is a thread of that social fabric, social laws should go hand in hand with Divine natural law. How many human industries are hitched to the great natural waterfall! So marriage should be "hitched" to love.

MARRIAGE

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else."

MILTON.

I believe that every sane and healthy person of a marriageable age should be married, for experience proves that it is not natural nor healthful, nor good nor satisfying for man to live alone. And that includes every normal woman who lives. To be happily married, if possible, but unhappily married rather than not to be married at all. It was ordained by Nature that every form of animal life was normally intended for marriage. I don't think anybody ever heard of an old maid dog or a bachelor cat. Nature gives to the lower animals who lack the power of abstract thinking the privilege of the

functioning of normal animal life. They live to the fullest of their kind. Life has no disappointments for them. But the highest form of animal life, men and women who have the capacity for great thoughts, have thought out so many difficulties for themselves that life has become complex and unnatural. They are taught to shun their natural instincts as though they were evil things. And as a result of man-made laws and social conventions, countless thousands of men and women, but principally women, are cheated out of normal living, of normal functioning, of marriage.

A MARRIAGE EXCHANGE

I wish that some one with unlimited wealth and the authority that unlimited wealth represents would build and endow a huge marriage exchange in the City of New York; because New York is a small composite world. It is the big city in which all other cities are reflected. Whatever New York does all other cities try to do to the limit of their capacity. And I believe that every city should have its reputable and recognized marriage exchange.

It should be something like the Stock Exchange in its business methods, but instead of trading in stocks and bonds, it would be an Exchange of human hearts for happiness.

Only people of established credits and high in-

tegrity would become members, so that public confidence would be established. Each member would have a long list of lonely people and hungry hearts. Then in and out of the doors would rush countless thousands of men and women, also lonely and heart hungry. They would examine the lists carefully, and find what their own peculiar conditions required, or they would add their names to the lists, so that others who sought might find. So, to my mind, there would be a definite, organized and creditable place where men and women could find human companionship in a thoroughly businesslike manner, without fear, shame, reproach, or embarrassment to themselves or society.

THE SOCIAL DISORDER

In the social system of the most highly civilized nations, every department of life is fostered and studied by keen minds for the betterment of living. But the base of all social life, the beginning of all human success, is left to chance, to circumstance, to finding its own level. All are concerned with the problem of making a living, of acquiring an education, and of finding the shortest and smoothest road to heaven via this or that church. No one is concerned with the normal and only scientific way to make people happy, to foster

scientifically human companionship and sexual mating.

Thackeray has said, and a million other philosophers likewise, "We are most of us very lonely in this world; you who have anyone who loves you, cling to them and thank God." I wish that some great benefactor of the human race with unlimited means at his disposal would sponsor my Marriage Exchange. It would give every man and woman a chance to be happy by finding congenial companionship, for a realization of the fullness of Life, which is Love.

The basis of all human unrest, of all discontent, all selfishness is the lack of human love. Nature must be appeased. The old bachelor is proverbially crabbed. The old maid is proverbially queer. Every man should be a father. Every woman should be a mother. The human love that each bears for the other and both bear their offspring brings out the best in the nature of each.

A MAN'S DUTY

No man anywhere, in any community is worth his salt who hasn't taken a woman and established a home with her. So he establishes his responsible citizenship. Every man who stalks about singly, is depriving some woman of a home. Every man should realize that he has a grave responsibility in

this respect. That woman ignored who is naturally his to care for, either goes out into the world to make a career for herself, or sits at home waiting for him, always waiting. Sometimes she goes out into the streets. No matter how she whistles to keep up her courage, she is always eating her heart out with loneliness and the longing to lead a normal life as a wife and a mother. It is still very much a man's world, and by the physical nature of men and women, that makes man strong and naturally the protector and the giver, and woman naturally the weak and the recipient, it always will be, notwithstanding all the modern social laws that aim to assert and establish the equality of the sexes.

NO HOME WITHOUT CHILDREN

Every home of a man and a woman should have children in it, but only as many as they can rear to be a credit to themselves and their community. Some homes have no children in them, because they are sterile homes, or selfish homes. Some reproduce themselves like guinea pigs, and with as little reason and justification. Some families in which there are many children, are very happy because they have the means and the intelligence to bring out the very best in those children. The poor and the ignorant usually have big families because they have no self-control, and cohabit like animals. If

it could be said without discrimination that children brought up in the slums were a common scourge to society, some laws might be enacted for their control; but while some children of a low ordered family life grow to fill the prisons and public asylums, others with the same kind of unfortunate beginning, develop into artists and scholars and leaders in all departments of life. And how they thrive, these children of the poor, these large families of the slums, without care or sunshine or fresh air or wholesome food, while often the single pampered child of the family of wealth and every prosperous start in life, withers and dies, or grows up to disgrace itself and its parents. By some precocity of Nature the children of the rich and the poor alike work out their own destiny, contrary to all laws of regularity and preconception.

Every family should have two children, perhaps three, as few as are economically consistent with the preservation of the human race. No man is justified in making his female a mere breeding animal of the lower order by forcing motherhood upon her year after year and sacrificing her whole life to his bestial enjoyment while he boasts of his large family. Some governments offer prizes to big families, because big families brought up with the sole idea of quantity make good cannon fodder. On general principles it is the small family

of quality, of discrimination, of the higher animal capacity for abstract thought which rules the mob.

But governments should tax very heavily all families who have no children, either of their own or by adoption. A home is not a home without at least one child in it. A woman who adopts a dog, or a cat, or a gold fish or a canary bird while there is still a child left in an orphanage shows a sad lack of common sense and appreciation of human values.

A WOMAN'S LIMITATIONS

Since, by the very nature of woman's physical limitations, this is a man's world, always has been, and presumably always will be, where a man can do as he pleases, I am only concerned with his bachelor estate to deplore it. Because he is selfish, some woman is deprived of home life and normal living. A woman cannot ask a man to marry her. The social and economic laws of our so-called civilized society deny her that privilege. She must wait till she's asked or go without. Consequently thousands of decent women who wish to remain within the pale of decent society lead stunted, unnatural lives in enforced spinsterhood. And I wonder if this is not one of the greatest social evils we have to contend with, and one for which there seems to be no remedy within the confines of so-called decent society today.

A woman, for instance, is denied by modern one-sided social laws the privilege of natural selection. She is obliged to wait until some man chooses to notice her. If she goes out of her way to attract his attention Society frowns upon her. Only by rare good luck does she happen to be chosen by the man she would choose if she had the privilege of choice. More commonly she makes the best of being taken by the first man who asks her and thus gratefully avoids the social ignominy of solitary confinement in old maidenhood.

From the beginning of time woman has been at a disadvantage in this man's world. She has always been man's slave and plaything. She comes at his call and she goes at his bidding. This is true of the women of today of the advanced western world no less than of the Orient where women are given in marriage to men of their parent's choosing, and who often rebel at this arbitrary disposition of themselves, but in the long run are the better off for it. Our women pride themselves on the realization of laws that put them on an equal footing with men in all the walks and adventures of modern life. But who hasn't seen the modern woman, just as the woman of other ages, bow to the will of some man, enslave herself, demean herself, go to unlimited pains to attract his attention and to please him, in her effort to possess him or

to be possessed by him. All the social laws in the world cannot mitigate against natural and physical laws.

MAN'S VOCATION

When a man establishes a home, and a family which is the essence of the home, for it isn't the four walls and furniture which constitute one, but the love and co-operation and sympathy that is concentrated therein, he becomes a Unit, a composite whole in the community, from which, with his heart and soul, his love-nature and his ideal of beauty satisfied and at peace, he may go out into the world, and try to find out to the measure of his ability, what's wrong with it. He may then engage with a free and undisturbed mind in his avocation. For I do believe and declare that his family and love life are his vocation. They come first. Then comes his work for the world. That is his avocation. For what profiteth a man to gain the whole world if he has not love in his life? Look at the drawn, haggard, joyless faces of men and women in all stages of society, who, no matter what their worldly achievements, proclaim to the world that they are failures, because their love-nature has been unsatisfied.

"... Either sex alone is half itself," says Tennyson.

My Marriage Exchange would provide happi-

ness to the millions of lonely and heart hungry men and women who through social convention, or unpropitious environment or lack of opportunity for any cause whatsoever, had missed the great adventure of life which is Love. Love means tuning in on Life. Only lovers are in harmony with all the beauty of earth and the ideal of Heaven.

THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE

"But for the institution of marriage, learning and refinement would expire, government sink into the gulf of anarchy; and religion, hunted from earth, would hasten back to her native heavens."

DWIGHT.

Montaigne says:

"Is not marriage an open question when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?"

Granting this is true, there being at least as many who wish to get in as those who wish to get out, the institution of marriage will still be supported for some time to come. But I don't concede there are half, nor one quarter, nor a tenth who wish to get out. On the whole the married world is happy and contented and quiet. The small percentage that is unhappy, makes a noise—it has to make a noise to get out, so we hear them above the others who are in and wish to stay in. A small

group of agitators always makes more noise than a large, contented body. And so we have come to think there is something wrong with the entire institution of marriage.

If one wished to be flippant one might say that marriage is like a lunatic asylum. The building is strong and finely constructed. It is only the inmates that give it its bad name.

The institution of marriage is indeed strong and finely constructed and has withstood the onslaught of the discontented for centuries, and will continue to stand as the only safe human institution as a refuge against human storms and battles for centuries to come. For it is "an institution calculated for a constant scene of as much delight as our being is capable of."

THE BEGINNING OF MARRIAGE

Marriage itself is a formal declaration or contract by which act a man and woman join in wedlock.

In prehistoric times the primitive man was a free agent, a law unto himself; his only limitations were his strength and his intelligence. His life consisted of satisfying his body appetites. He knew no obligations beyond the necessity of providing for himself. He would roam through the forests, look for his prey, and for shelter from the elements.

Woman, or the female of the race, was less of a nomad, hampered as she was by her young. She would find some cave in which to shelter and rear her brood and watch for some mate to pass her way. But he would soon depart, for it was distasteful to the male to provide for the female and her young. Some men haven't changed to this day.

As the world became more peopled and the forest faun scarcer, man had to exert himself more and more for his necessities and life became harder for him. Only the strong could meet the struggle. Then the weak began to unite and form groups for self-protection against the stronger; this union brought about the first recognition of obligation of man to man. These groups soon lived in small communities and the females of the race came to them to find protection and shelter.

When man and woman began to live together and recognize obligations toward others of the communities, human passion made it necessary to divide the males and females and apportion to each their corresponding numbers of the more numerous sex.

In a community where the males were more numerous, women were given two or more men to live with and provide for. On the other hand, when the women were in predominance, they were distributed to the men in the same proportion. This

arrangement was not satisfactory, as the new elements in the more complex life, affection and discrimination, were brought to the surface. The male was not always satisfied, or he became tired of his mate and looked outside for other women. So it became necessary to establish some binding obligation for man and woman, and a form of marriage was instituted, which was a contract by which both parties or the various parties agreed to live and provide for each other and abstain from stealing that which was not theirs.

To this crude marriage agreement the Christian Church soon brought from the Orient a more binding form and sanctified it by its rites.

“Woman was not taken from the head of man, for she was not intended to be his ruler; nor from his feet, for she was not intended to be his slave; but from his side, for she was to be his companion and comfort.”

TERTULLIAN.

Through the centuries has come down to us this sacred conception of marriage, and we consider marriage a sacred contract implying the free and intelligent, mutual consent of competent persons to take each other as husband and wife for life.

“Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.” This Christian conception of marriage is ideal, and as such, very beautiful, but it does not take into consideration all human char-

acteristics. Although we have been living under Christian civilization for over nineteen centuries, way down in our inner being still lies latent the desire and passion of early man, and nature will assert herself against doctrine or convention. People are realizing this fact more and more every day. Marriage is looked upon by the greater number as a civil contract, which has for its ends the propagation and best care of the issues; yet as a civil contract only, marriage is not morally binding. The moment the essential conditions have ceased to exist, "the free and intelligent consent," which is the essence of love and desire, the true marriage has ceased to exist.

THREE CLASSES OF MARRIAGE

I believe the married class can be divided somewhat as follows: ten per cent. are ecstatically happy, eighty per cent. are moderately happy and contented, and the remaining ten per cent. are unhappy, and are struggling to free themselves.

The ten per cent. that are ecstatically happy are well mated and love; the eighty per cent., the great majority of marriages, are humdrum and merely a matter of habit, habit being an even stronger institution than marriage. These may have loved when they contracted marriage, but they have long since outgrown it, and it is merely a community of

interests formed by living together, that keeps them plodding on together. Thus eighty per cent. of marriages are not ideal, but eighty per cent. of the people are not ideal. The majority are plodders, commonplace, respectable, asking little of life and getting less, and on the whole, satisfied. Of course the satisfied never accomplish reforms for the good and sufficient reason that, being satisfied, they are not conscious of the necessity of reforms. The majority of people are content to vegetate.

The first class of marriage reminds me of a race horse, with snorting nostrils, and quivering body, keyed to the highest pitch of the joy of living.

The second class is the cart horse, quite content by nature and inclination to plod along for a sufficient allotment of oats, submitting to the whip sometimes, but going no faster because of it, and trotting phlegmatically along the straight and narrow path which is allowed by its limited vision closed in by blinders.

The third class is the bucking broncho, and of course gives all the trouble. It kicks against the confines of the stable, will not take the bit, and bucks when you least expect it.

The race horse is a luxury, the cart horse a necessity and the broncho needs to be trained to be either one or the other. And so it is with the three classes of marriage.

THE BRONCHOS OF MATE

The bronchos of matrimony are and mentally unmated. For instance, Mary because she attracts him physically, stylish and pretty, and makes a good match, he takes her out. She arouses his passion, he clasps her in his arms. Then he proposes marriage and Mary names the day.

Mary allows herself to be courted because she has been told at home that at Mary's age, was married and had children. Mary has a great dread of being as old as her mother, to be older than her mother was at her age, still single, is too humiliating; besides, he is not so bad looking, and he can make a fair match. And the importance and excitement of being engaged, of being envied by one's friends, of planning one's trousseau and of learning housekeeping, are great episodes.

So they are married. John thinks he is married for love. It is really only pa-

ON LIFE AND LOVE

"Women are all alike. When they are they are mild as milk. Once make 'em wives they lean their backs against their marriages and defy you," says a wise philosopher.

Mary has married for a home. Of course she likes John, perhaps she is even madly in love with him, but she has a dim consciousness that if she hadn't married John, she would have married or Bill or anybody else who had asked her to. For Mary the essential thing is not the man but the home. That idea embodies one of our chief social disorders. A woman cannot live her full, complete life of love, wifehood and motherhood that the world and society demand of her, without going outside the sphere allotted to her by society, to obtain it. She cannot go out to choose her mate, to choose the father of her children, to order her life according to her heart. She must sit around and wait with her thumbs and leave her life's happiness to chance. Chance brings her a man; it may not bring her another. She cannot bear the stigma the

That is woman, and that is Mary. She makes the best of her bargain in marriage. If she can't join the ten per cent. of ecstatically happy she is quite willing to join the eighty per cent. of the moderately happy. She has her home and her children and she is satisfied. If John isn't the husband he gave promise of being, her love nature is appeased by her children. She makes no further effort to attract John, because she has long since realized that John's passion which masqueraded as love before marriage, was revealed and burned out after marriage,—very, very soon after. All there is left of John is a very perfunctory John, rushing out to business in the morning, rushing out to clubs in the evening, and when at home, either finding fault with everything, or, worse still, quiet and surly and answering in monosyllables. To be sure, Mary nearly grieves herself to death over this condition at first. She has tried honestly to keep pace with John every step of the way. But John's nature is not attuned to hers, and their marriage has been wrong from the very beginning. Then the children come and she finds her field of interest and of usefulness.

FAULT FINDING

To John this condition has become unbearable. Mary was pretty when he married her, but where

is her prettiness now? Perhaps it makes a difference seeing a girl twice a week and seeing her all the time. Anyway he is annoyed by the sight of her. In the first year of their married life he finds fault with himself because conditions are not right. Ever afterwards he finds fault with her. She isn't dressed enough, or she is over-dressed. She is too brilliant or too stupid. She goes out too much, or she stays in the house too much. She is not devoted enough to her children, or she is too devoted to them and hasn't time for anything else. Anyway, everything she does, thinks or says is wrong, and just about the opposite in his mind of what she should think, say or do. He won't or can't realize that the only thing that is wrong is their marriage, which had its wrong inception. John's passion has burnt out, so Mary is no longer attractive to him. And he has given to Mary the home and children she longed for, so he is no longer necessary to her.

Now here is the psychological moment for something to happen and sometimes it doesn't but more often it does happen.

If it didn't, this marriage would be relegated to the eighty per cent. class. Left to themselves, John and Mary would plod along somehow, John with his business and his clubs and his grouch, Mary with her house and children, and her reflection of

John's grouch; and in time they would acquire a certain contentment and the habit of being together, if such a term explains at the same time the habit of being apart. But the usual, if not the inevitable happens. A third person arrives on the scene; it is the long lost and tardily found soul mate.

THE SOUL MATE

The soul mate sometimes comes to Mary, but more often to John. "Where there's marriage without love there will be love without marriage." Mary, being a woman, with her love nature absorbed by her children, is not looking for affinities, although she is not immune if they come her way. But John, being a man, with polygamous instincts at best, and doubly polygamous at worst, which is now the case, with his unsympathetic conditions at home, and being out in the world where affinities generate, he attracts them as flowers attract the bees.

He selects one and takes her to his heart, his mind, his soul. She is the complement of his nature, the other half of himself. She is everything that his wife is not, and she understands him. Great blessedness, the sweetheart always understands and the wife never does. The sweetheart is a woman of profound understanding, and depth and exquisite, fascinating mystery, whereas his wife is

a shallow brook, all explored. This soul mate stirs the very depths of his nature. To be with her is joy, rest, comfort and ecstasy unspeakable. To be away from her is unrest, dissatisfaction, a great void which no enterprise, business or pleasure can fill. He thinks of her by day and dreams of her by night. Gradually all his soul forces centre in her so that she, only, stands out as the great, salient, necessary feature of his life.

Sometimes the soul mate wears off, like the fever, leaving John weak and trembling, but still alive, and still around the old haunts of home and family that gradually nurse him back to health and strength. In this case, however, Mary divorces him. Not because she wants to, or would if it depended on her, but because he forces her into it. He wishes only to be free to marry the other woman. He provides for wife and children, and marries the soul mate.

Sometimes he is happy with his newly found affinity, and is promoted by leaps and bounds to the first ten per cent. of ecstatic marriages. More often, however, he finds himself among the last ten per cent. of bucking bronchos, with no chance of even joining the eighty per cent. of the moderately happy. Man is a creature of habit. If John had found his affinity in the beginning, he might have had a magnificent chance of happiness. But

he found her too late: after he had contracted habits with another woman, after he had had a home and children with his first wife. He cannot quite get away from old habits; old memories haunt him. The other woman, the home and the children begin to be dearer as they go farther away from him, and somehow, the soul mate, now that he has her, is not so profound, nor so wonderful, nor so exquisite as she seemed when out of his reach. Such is life—married life—a common phase of it.

It should be so easy, but seems so difficult to remember that "Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections to the end of their lives."

LACK OF TOLERATION

Mismating in marriage, although one of the greatest causes for unhappiness, is not as great a one as lack of toleration,—that is the usual rock upon which many a matrimonial bark is foundered.

Suppose Mary and John, both very much in love with each other, marry and are blissfully happy to become One. No sooner has the marriage ceremony been pronounced, than they begin to

wonder which is *the* One. John decides he must be the one because he is the head of the house. But Mary, living in our renaissance of womanhood, decides she will not merge her personality and individuality in his, for woman can well stand on her own feet and must have her rights. Then begins the wrangle. Neither will tolerate a difference of opinion in the other. Neither will concede that the other has a right to independent thought, word or action, and this intolerance, this narrowness and bigotry, is infinitely worse than a lack of community in tastes and interests.

If Mary likes blue, and John's favorite color is pink, that is unfortunate, but not necessarily disastrous, until Mary insists that John must change his colors and come out strong for blue, or John says Mary looks hideous in blue and should always wear pink. In trivial matters or in those of vital importance it is just the same. Each is intolerant of the other's opinions, and the final break-up is not long in coming.

Now, worse still than not having congenial tastes, or lacking tolerance, is the polite way in which married people tell each other they are wrong. It seems as if all the sarcasm and brutality of ages were bottled up to let loose in matrimonial differences. They begin in a small way, perhaps. People do not realize that "it is the little rift within the

lute that by and by will make the music mute. And ever widening slowly silence all."

LOSING THEIR MANNERS

Mary and John begin by being careless of the thank-you's. They take each other for granted, and they lose their manners. With loss of manners toward each other must come loss of consideration for each other. If John neglects to rise when Mary enters the room, or to place a chair for her, or to hold the door open for her, or to surround her with the thousand and one courtesies that are instinctive to the gentleman for a lady, when that lady is not his wife, he robs her of her self-respect, and fills her with a contempt for him. And if Mary fails to show John all the delicate little considerations and politenesses that were a part of her exquisite ladyhood before he married her, she becomes to him a slatternly woman, for a woman bereft of pretty manners is just like one bereft of pretty clothes. Careless manners are just as unbecoming a woman, and a wife, especially, as slatternly gowns.

"To continue love in marriage," says Mme. Reybaud, "is a science. It requires so little to kill those sweet emotions, those precious illusions, which form the charm of life, and it is so difficult to maintain a man at the height on which an ex-

alted passion has placed him, especially when that man is one's husband."

The trouble is, when that man is one's husband, he is usually a very different human being from the one that called forth one's exalted passion in sweetheart days. When John courted Mary he was a very model of neatness and fashion. It took him hours before a mirror to complete a prospect of himself that he hoped would be pleasing to her eye. And he memorized sonnets and ballads by the yard to whisper and sing into her ear: moreover, the lips that he pressed upon hers were delicately perfumed, and altogether he was a very exquisite being. How can she know that after marriage his lips will taste of stale whisky and staler tobacco, that he will more often than not forget to shave, that he will not hesitate to sit around in his shirtsleeves, with his feet elevated above his head, that his slovenly habits and general carelessness will develop an *embonpoint* decidedly unbecoming and not likely to call forth or support an exalted passion from a goat, much less a reasoning, sensitive woman?

His conversation is on topics interesting to himself and it doesn't concern him very much whether it interests her or not. To do him justice it doesn't occur to him to inquire whether she is interested, or to consider for a moment the possibility of her

not being. The married man's ego is a beautiful thing for completeness, and is self-sustaining. It is like the United States of America for independence because it is sufficient unto itself. It can exist without the help or maintenance of any foreign power.

In the daily and Sunday newspapers Mary reads the columns of advice to women on how to be beautiful and how to deport themselves to win and retain the love of their husbands. A woman rushes from one beauty parlor to another, and has her face ironed out and her hair dyed or bleached, and she rolls on the floor night and morning and goes through most agonizing contortions to ward off excessive fat, and heroically abstains from eating the things she adores, and gowns herself like a circus horse, all in her wild effort to please her husband. She spends hours of worry before the mirror, and sleepless nights planning to make herself beautiful, so that the snoring, uncouth monster by her side will not bestow his affections on a younger and prettier woman.

Does John go through any such mental or physical contortions to please his wife? To put it mildly, No. Yet, if "marriage is a treaty in which the conditions should be mutual," as Balzac, the creator of the "human comedy" says, why shouldn't John make just as much of an effort in all direc-

tions to please Mary and to retain her love? Not that he need tog himself out in the most excruciating fashions, nor paint his face, nor dye his hair, nor do any of the absurd things that are Mary's especial province, although even these absurdities are dignified and glorified when engendered by love. But he can be as clean and neat and approachable and courteous as he was before marriage, and if he is not, it is because the familiarity of marriage has brought carelessness, and possession satiety, and with it all the realization of his balance of power, money. He is Mary's support, and if he doesn't always say it, he feels it, just as Mary does. He feels that that of itself is sufficient for her, without exerting himself further to please, and that all of Mary's efforts to please him are but in part pay for his support.

MATRIMONIAL CONTRASTS

The lack of consideration, which includes lack of manners and politeness, is the greatest cause for matrimonial shipwreck. If John, for instance, were learned, and Mary were not, it would be unfortunate; but it is not a catastrophe, until John tells her so every minute of her life. She doesn't talk right, she doesn't act right, she doesn't think right, he tells her either wrathfully or with icy politeness that makes the chills play up and down her spine.

She wonders, perhaps, why he didn't find this ignorance out before he married her, or having married her why he doesn't make the best of it, either tolerate it or improve it, but not eternally damn it. Perhaps he would think of this, too, if he weren't learned beyond his capacity. But his isn't the only case of matrimonial contrast. Wherever he looks he sees the same contradictions. The brilliant man marries the stupid woman, the handsome woman the ugly man, the tall man the short girl, the blonde marries the brunette, and so on through the long list, perhaps on the fallacy that opposites agree.

OPPOSITES DO NOT AGREE

But opposites do not agree, notwithstanding the old adage. Opposites in features, complexion and externals, perhaps, had better choose each other to neutralize the tall and the short, the thick and the thin, the plain and the beautiful, so that each may acquire in his mate what he himself lacks to make a more perfect unit in externals for the benefit of the future race.

But the matter of perfect accord rests with the soul, not with the snub or the Grecian nose.

Persons of opposite natures, opposite tastes, ideals, aspirations must not marry, for it is suicidal. How can a man who is affectionate be happy with a cold, unemotional woman? How can a refined,

sensitive woman live with a coarse, uncultured man? What chance for happiness or companionship in any sense is there for the man who is inclined to be gay, who longs for the life and excitement of out of doors, who loves company, and noise and laughter, when he is married to a quiet, retiring woman, who would rather be at home than anywhere else, and most especially when he wants her to go out with him?

The musician needn't necessarily marry another musician, but he or she must marry someone who is fond of music, or there will be no harmony in that home.

The college man needn't necessarily marry the college woman (although it would be better if he did), but he must marry a woman who has intelligence enough to appreciate, even if she can't quite understand, his point of view. If he marries an ignorant woman, or she, the college woman, marries an uneducated man, there will be constant clashes, constant bickering, for neither understands the other, and consequently one continually jars on the other.

It is absolutely essential that people who wish to be happy in marriage have a community of interests, are, in fact, one in mind and soul. They must have the same outlook on life, from the same point of view. They must like the same things, and be

mutual in their dislikes. They must be congenial in their work and congenial in their play. And they must particularly have the same sense of humor.

In short, two souls that would be absolutely in unison must have "but a single thought," to accompany "two hearts that beat as one."

THE RIGHT AGE TO MARRY

The right age to marry is any time after twenty-one just as the law decrees. At that time people are physically fit to marry. When they are mentally fit is another question that can be answered not by the crowds but by the individual. Years of discretion come to some people much sooner than to others, and to some not at all. A sane young man of twenty-one is much wiser than a fool of fifty. And at the same time there are many irresponsible youths of twenty-one who are not fit to be out of the nursery, or being out should be muzzled, collared and chained. So only generally speaking, after twenty-one an individual may contract marriage if he is exposed to it, and be none the worse for the experience; but each case must be judged on its own merits.

Now John is just twenty-one, and just out of college, and just madly in love with Mary who is nineteen. (Mary must have two years of leeway,

for as Shakespeare says: "Let still the woman take an elder to herself; so wears she to him; so sways she level in her husband's heart." Besides, she will soon catch up with John and perhaps, after the way of women, give him a handicap when domestic burdens fall on her shoulders.) So they determined to marry and settle down. But John wants to settle down before he can "settle up." He has a vague idea that bread and meat will fall from Heaven, just as manna did in the olden days. He has a vaguer idea that the landlord calls on the first of every month to collect the rent and that the ice man and the coal man and "the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker" will all want him to settle up, and that in their way they are all necessary, and have to be reckoned with. But the worlds he was to conquer and the national wrongs which he would set right, and the fame and money he would acquire, somehow resolve themselves on getting Mary to say *yes* and to move into the flat.

Which Mary does with glad acclaim. She has her French and music to add to the household, and she can make an adorable rarebit in the chafing dish. Thus equipped the couple start their married life. They haven't money, and they haven't common sense, but they have love, young love, enthusiastic, romantic, delirious, and they are absolutely happy.

But love may be ever so exquisite, so idealistic, so romantic and altogether lovely, yet it must have something more substantial to feed on. Love in a cottage is pretty, and bread and cheese and kisses are sweet, but even the cottage must be paid for, and the bread and cheese cost money though the kisses that make it taste like nectar and ambrosia are free.

Money, "there's the rub" as the "melancholy Dane" would say; money, "the root of all evil" sprouts a deal of happiness, nevertheless, and is a very necessary "root" on which to grow a happy marriage. Not by any means that "a world of vile ill-favored faults looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year," for the woman to whom they would look handsome deserves the very bad bargain she is making, and the soul that she is selling for money is so small that it is hardly worth saving.

But love must not rob Mary and John of their common sense. Indeed it should give them a particular refinement of all their senses, beside the addition of a new sense—the sense of protection in him to her, and the sense of trustfulness in her to him. With this sense the dollars will look out for themselves. He will not ask her to marry him until he can support the cottage, as well as supply the love, and the bread and cheese, as well as the kisses. For all are "one and indivisible" to love and happiness in marriage.

YOUNG LOVE AND EARLY MARRIAGE

Mary and John are both clean because they are young and this love is their first real experience. Life is full of joy to them, because it is Spring. The birds are twittering and the trees are budding, and the air is intoxicating with promise to their senses. And each new experience in life they meet together, and enjoy together, and analyze and wonder over. They learn and grow and develop, always together.

He forms the habit from continual thought early in life that Mary and the home are his centres of interest. His wife is his chum and his confidante, just as she is his sweetheart. He learns that love is friendship with passion, not passion with friendship. The fact that he has not been out in the world, that he has not known women, that he doesn't know the seamy side of life, makes him a better, cleaner, happier, more contented companion for Mary. What if difficulties do come their way, as they must? They can meet them together, and laugh at them, too, because they are young, and strong and innocent. An older couple would worry and calculate and step cautiously, while these young people, not knowing danger, never fear it, and go by leaps and bounds on impulse—and get there.

Who shall say that a young man married is a

young man marred when he knows young love, pure, true, exalted, for even a year? It is an experience to cherish a lifetime. But it lasts longer than a year, longer than any other kind of a marriage. "Early marriages, long love," says an old German proverb. Every lesson learned early in life lasts longer.

What if John doesn't know the responsibilities of married life? Neither does any other man, no matter how old he is. To know married life one must live through it, and learn its responsibilities by experience; and the young are always better fitted to learn than the old. It is urged that the man who marries young invariably marries the wrong girl and finds it out later in life when he meets the right girl. But this is not a peculiarity confined to young love. Fickleness is a thing of nature, not of years. If a man is inclined to be changeable, he may marry at forty and change his mind and his wife in five or ten years, or whenever the so-called right girl appears. And of course to such a man she is only the right girl so long as she is unattainable. Directly he gets her she is again the wrong girl, and he has made a mistake again.

At twenty-one John marries Mary because she is his ideal of womanhood and he loves her. When John is thirty Mary isn't the same girl she was when

she married. She has grown with John, she has been his playmate and his friend and sweetheart. She has gone with him and developed with him every step of the way. Now at thirty she is the type of woman John admires with his maturer judgment. Where then is the force of the argument against young love?

And as for responsibility coming too soon in his life, hasn't it been proved again and again that responsibility develops strength and character in a man and makes him live up to his obligations? Wouldn't the majority of young men of from twenty-one to twenty-five who consider themselves too young to assume the responsibility of marriage, be infinitely better off married to good, steady, helpful girls, starting a family with them, struggling to better themselves in business in order to meet the growing needs of that family, and making themselves altogether factors for good and usefulness in the community, than to fritter away their money and their manhood in idle or evil pastimes about town, and draining the dregs of life when they're thirty? As Henry Ward Beecher says:

"Early marriages are permanent moralities;
Deferred marriages are temptations to wickedness."

MARRIAGE, THE NORMAL STATE

What if John had gone through the mire and shirked responsibility? At thirty-five or forty he would still be in the mire and still shirking responsibility. Man is a creature of habit. If he forms the habit of being married and tied to the home he will feel himself utterly lost away from that home. And if, on the other hand, he forms the habit of being a free man about town, minus responsibility, if by some trick of fate he is led to the altar, the confines of the home will always stifle him. He has formed the habit of liberty and woe to the girl who cages him.

There are too many such men about town who shirk responsibility, and so deprive girls of their rightful homes.

But these carefree bachelors realize at some time in their lives that a life of responsibility is the only life worth living. They may have better opportunities of making money than men who cannot take risks because of their dependent families, but of what good is money to a tired out lonely old bachelor? What has he in life to justify either himself or his existence? He is not living a normal life. "Marriage is the normal state for man and woman. It develops all that is best in both."

It has been just as beneficial for Mary to marry

young as it has been for John. In the first place she has known love, the best, the purest, most exalted kind. And she has made and developed a home. And she has her children and brings them up as companions to herself because she is so young with them. At thirty-five, when other women have had their dozen or so affairs with men, and tired and bedraggled, are looking for a chance to marry and settle down, Mary is renewing her girlhood with her splendid, growing children; and John has become nearer and dearer to her with every year of their lovely friendship, until he is an absolute part of herself. She and he are one in mind, soul and body. Thus they continue till the end, the Winter, the union begun in the Spring, each fearing to go first, neither one able to think of an existence without the other. That is the ideal marriage. It is in the first ten per cent. class, and is more likely to result from the early marriage than from any other kind.

“There’s a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are link’d in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold
Love on thro’ all ills, and love on till they die.”

THE IDEAL MARRIAGE

Those are the possibilities of early marriages. That does not mean that ideal marriages are not

contracted later in life. The ideal marriage has no time limit, nor is it limited by anything. That is why it is ideal.

To form the ideal marriage, people must marry for love, founded on friendship, based on a community of interests. A woman mustn't marry a man because she likes the set of his head on his shoulders, or that she is caught by any trick of speech, or that he wears the correct gloves on Sunday and looks like a hero in a dress suit.

These are all good things in their way, but they don't weigh enough for marriage. Yet it is precisely this kind of a loose, disjointed skeleton on which so many girls hang their affections.

THE KIND OF MAN TO MARRY

A woman should marry the man she likes, as well as loves. She must like his ways, his personality, his opinions, his tastes, his ideas and his ideals. She must know and feel that she is thoroughly in sympathy with him, just as he is thoroughly in sympathy with her. She must know and feel that he will be good to her, because it is in his nature to be kind, gentle and just. She mustn't marry a poet who will sing an ode to a dying swallow and let his wife tend to the furnace. She must know and feel that he is practical yet not sordid; that he is capable of flying with her on the

golden aeroplane of his imagination to their castles in Spain, but that she can absolutely trust him to land safely without a smashup. That is a great thing for a woman to feel in a man—absolute trust and confidence and an all-pervading sense of security in his protection.

He must be healthy and come from a healthy line; this is absolutely important. And he must have lived a reasonably clean and moral life. When a woman thinks of marrying a man she must look upon him as the future father of her children. If he doesn't look worthy of reproduction, he isn't worthy to be her husband. That is how she should judge.

THE KIND OF WOMAN TO MARRY

By the same signs should a man select a woman to be his wife for the ideal marriage. A man who doesn't look beyond a woman's beauty is hopeless. The man who pins his faith on a pink cheek and a golden curl deserves to find the curl on the dressing table and the pink cheek on the rabbit's foot. But the beauty that is skin deep, even when real, is nothing on which to gamble with marriage, for marriage is a long and serious contract, and beauty is very fleeting. "He who marries a woman for her complexion, form, and features marries her not for her true self, but for her soul's old clothes."

There is only one kind of beauty that doesn't change with years and that is beauty of the soul. A woman possessing that kind of beauty is gracious, tender, womanly and sweet; and she will always be like that.

The happily married man is he who can say and feel,

“She who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it,
She who dreams upon my breast
Ever reigns within it.
She who kisses oft my lips
Wakes their warmest blessing,
She who rests within my arms
Feels their closest pressing.”

A man should marry a woman when he feels she is the best part of himself, when all his hopes and wishes and ideals find their highest expression in her. She must appeal to him physically, as well as mentally, and mentally as well as physically. She must be charming to his eye and companionable to his heart. He must feel that he is always happy when with her, and always lonely and dissatisfied when away from her.

“A happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself because she enjoyed him; both increased their riches by giving to each other, and making one life double because they made a double life one.”

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE IS IMMORAL

It is not necessary that they should think alike on all things—but each must concede to the other the freedom of thought, speech, and action. And when they marry they must continue to be lovers, tender, polite, considerate.

They should remember always that love is keeping them married, not duty, conventionality or cast iron walls. Love without marriage is unconventional but not immoral, but marriage without love is absolutely immoral.

Love is the only excuse for marriage, and the only reasonable reason.

“But love me for love’s sake, that evermore
Thou may’st love on through love’s eternity.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE DUTIES OF GOOD WIFEHOOD

When a woman marries she must make up her mind to become not only her husband’s house-keeper, which is usually her whole idea of a wife’s function, but his sweetheart, his lawyer, stenographer, father confessor, alma mater, and jolly good fellow, all in one. Such a woman is a perfect wife. She meets all a man’s moods, fills all his necessities, and he doesn’t need to go out of his home for satisfaction. If the average woman hasn’t the capacity to discharge all these necessary duties, she

hasn't been properly trained for wifehood, and the sooner she begins her neglected education the better it will be for her.

It is a splendid thing for her to know how to make flaky pie crust, but it is an infinitely more splendid thing for her to have tact, understanding, and sympathy, and to cultivate them if they are not a part of her nature. The creature comforts are big factors in married life, and a man's creature comforts no doubt absorb a great deal of his attention, but they are not all of his life, nor one-half, nor one-third. It's a libel on the average man that he loves with his stomach and not with his heart. (Women, dainty little creatures, nearly always eat more than men, unless they have to pay for it.) Too much stress is laid on a wife's being a good cook, for there are greater things much more necessary to her good wifehood. A man is seldom kept in his home by a cook (when he's married to her), nor are his senses appeased by a good supper. If the pie crust isn't flaky at home, he can easily send out to the nearest hotel for pie which will doubtless be better than his wife or his mother ever dreamed of making, because it is pie made scientifically by trained experts. But if he doesn't get love, sympathy and understanding at home, he can't send out for it. He can go out for it, however, and he does. Then woe to the wife and the home.

A wife must be pleasant and courteous and polite to her husband, always. And she must so guard the intimacy and familiarity of their married life, that no contempt or flippancy can enter in. It is a woman's duty, her policy, always to look her best and prettiest before her husband. It will be well for her not to let him know the secrets of her toilet table. That is one of the kinds of familiarity that breeds contempt.

Not that it is necessary for a wife always to be on dress parade before her husband. Anything that is stilted and unnatural is deceit, and happiness in marriage cannot flourish on deceit. A husband and wife are One, therefore, they should feel perfectly free to relax before each other, to be at perfect comfort and ease. But they are not necessarily a slatternly One. Each should always be absolutely neat and clean, and always approachable, for that is essential to self-respect, and when each has self-respect each may be sure of the respect of the other.

HOW TO MAKE A SUCCESSFUL HUSBAND

A wife must be interested in her husband's work, and encourage him in his dreams and plans of the work he desires to accomplish. She must devote all her time and energy and mind to his work, because his success means hers, and he is the support

of the home and the children. She can do a far greater, more effective good, achieve a bigger and more lasting success by uniting her strength with his for team work, than by dribbling out her energies on fads and fancies of her own. This does not mean that she must lose her personality or individuality, and become but a weak reflection of him as so many women do. A strong woman can't lose her personality for it's an integral part of her. She lends it to her husband, she doesn't give it away because she can't part with it. And the support of this strength makes her husband a success. It is necessary for him to be a success if she or the home are to be successful. Let her remember that when she is tempted to start off on a career of her own.

So long as the home is the unit of marriage, and man the bread winner and support of that home, his success is the important thing for them both to achieve.

The welfare of the family demands it. The wife shares her husband's career, great or small; the husband does not share his wife's career. The wife of a famous husband is lauded and praised and courted. The husband of a famous wife is made to feel that he must jump into a deep hole and drag the hole in after him. He is not glorified, but humiliated.

A wife may study her husband's interests in many ways. She may keep pace with him in his intellectual life, and if she is wise she goes him one better, so that she can gently and tactfully lead him. She must never bore him with subjects that are either beyond or beneath his grasp, however. Not that she needs to feed out to him a perpetual diet of prize fighting and baseball gossip because he can't digest anything else, but she should steer just as clear of the exclusively "high brow" effects that he doesn't grasp, and that probably aren't very clear to her either. And she shouldn't sneer at his lack of taste, or he at her lack of humor. This is where their good fellowship comes to the rescue. Each is glad the other is happy, and nothing is said or done to mar that happiness.

HOW TO BE A GOOD WIFE

A good wife tries to make her husband proud of her. She tries to make herself graceful and accomplished, and if she has tact and understands management she can do these things, no matter how little or how much time or money she has at her command. And "she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Her husband's time is occupied with his work all day, and she is just as busy with her home and children. But she can always borrow enough time

for a good book, a bit of music, a helpful lecture, an absorbing play with a problem of human life in it. All these things give her something to think about besides household drudgery, and they make her a better wife and mother. To see a bit of the outside world, to know its thoughts and struggles, makes her more able to cope with the problems in her own home and to train her children properly. It gives her interesting conversation for her husband when he returns from work in the evening; when after supper he leans back in his chair with his pipe and they have discussed his work, his day, what he has accomplished or tried to accomplish. Then in the sympathetic intimacy of their communion, she tells him, not that the ice man has forgotten to leave the ice, or that they are just out of coffee, or that the maid threatens to leave, or that little Willie fell and broke his nose; but she tells the pretty things of life on which her mind has dwelt during the day. She tries to entertain him, just as she did when they were sweethearts, and he thought she was just the cleverest girl on earth. He thinks so now, only more so, as he presses her hand every now and then, and realizes that though his little woman is the law and order of his house, she has a soul that rises above pots and pans.

THE MATTER OF MUTUAL COURTESY

The courtesy and exquisiteness with which a wife treats her husband bring out all the courtesy and exquisiteness in him, unless he is a brute, and we are not discussing brutes, but men and women. Barring isolated cases, a wife can make or break a man. Men in their relations with women become more or less a reflection of those women. A good woman makes a good man, and a bad woman's influence makes a bad man. A good woman often shames a bad man into being good.

I wonder how often John would come home to Mary, of a night, drunken and dissipated and tell her a string of lies about the club or the lodge, or the overworked office or shop, if she, instead of standing over him with reproaches, sarcasm, and unprintable epithets, took him in her arms, pilloved his head on her bosom, pressed her cool, sweet cheek to his flushed, coarse face, gently patted his fevered brow, and kissed his lying lips, all the while inhaling his revolting whisky breath—her tears of sympathy and sorrow falling on his hot face “like gentle dew from Heaven.” Could he do it again, or again and again as so many men do with the scolding kind of wives? He could not if he were a man. If he were a brute, of course she shouldn't lower herself by living with him.

Such are tact, judgment, sympathy and understanding, the greatest attributes a wife can have. And the same attributes in the same degree must a husband have if he desires to fill his function of good husbandhood.

THE DUTIES OF A HUSBAND

First he must be kind and tolerant and considerate. He must try to modify himself when with his wife, because his is the coarser, the more forceful, the more passionate nature. If he desires to be her companion, her chum, her lover-friend, he must tone himself down, refine himself. This is a process that his love and tenderness for her, his consideration for her greater delicacy, her greater weakness, and her higher soul life, will naturally bring about.

“Conjugal love, like men, dies oftener of excess, than of hunger.”

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

He must not urge his convictions, either sexual or otherwise, on her till she is ready and happy to receive them. This is one of the great difficulties in married life. Women give on the altar of duty and self-sacrifice, what they should joyously offer only on the altar of love. The sexual life in marriage should be the highest and most exalted expression of the love life. Instead it too often be-

comes the lowest expression; and all because men will not tone down their brute natures, to become their wives' lover-friends and soul mates. A repression of strength and vital force means a conserving of it which is necessary to happy marriage. But the brute nature cannot or will not understand this.

A good husband and a wise one will know that his wife's good opinion of him is more valuable to him than that of any other lady in the land. So he will strive to win and keep her good opinion by always showing her the best part of him, not by keeping it for some other woman. He will not be a clodhopper to his wife and a knight-errant to a chorus girl. The men who are this are not only lacking in judgment and a true sense of values, but are most painfully lacking in humor.

A good husband is first of all a good provider. To give his wife the best kind of a home he can afford is his chief consideration. Other tender-nesses are all sprouts of that chief consideration, to make her comfortable and happy.

When John comes home of an evening, he brings to Mary some little token, a flower, a bit of fruit or dainty, nothing necessarily expensive, nothing that cannot be bought by the man in the most moderate as well as the most affluent circumstances, merely to show that he has been thinking of her.

"As in the unfortunate marriage the most minute and indifferent things are objects of the sharpest resentment, so in a happy one they are occasions of the most exquisite satisfaction."

When he kisses her, it is not the perfunctory duty peck of the usual marriage, but the all-enveloping, trembling, soulful embrace of a great love.

Then he kisses the children, and he romps with them, and tells them stories. And he tells his wife his adventures of the day. The whole family literally beams on him, and expands with joy on his presence; he is such a whole-souled good fellow in his home, so loving, so helpful, so sympathetic.

Imagine his opposite, for instance, the grouch. Imagine the family waiting for him in fear and trembling as he drags his surly length to the house. The children don't wait up for him; they are glad to go to bed and get out of his way, for they fear him. He is an ogre; he makes their mother cry. When he isn't scolding, or cursing, or grunting, he is silent, with a silence that is more eloquent than words. The silent husband is worse than the veriest roisterer. Silence is not golden in wedlock. Explanation and arbitration compose the very essence of peace in marriage.

The duties of wifehood and husbandhood when enumerated seem complex and difficult, but they are really not so, for they are born of love, and all

duties generated of love are easy, joyous and instinctive. They are Love's second nature.

When a man loves he finds it very easy to be a good husband. It is the most natural thing in the world to him. And when a woman loves it is her joy to be a good wife. For love is woman's whole existence.

Marriage with love, its only reason for being, is a church, a sanctuary, our holiest human edifice. The public buffoons, or so-called humorists in the press or on the stage who, when seeking for a funny bit with which to convulse an audience, invariably direct their offensive jokes upon marriage and its infelicities, should be regarded by people of taste as altar snatchers.

And surely the jokes built on the infirmities of married life can only appeal to perverted minds. In some Latin countries, at the masked balls and *mardi gras*, the characters that always tickle the risibilities of the crowds, are the hunchbacks. Always the wags of the town masquerade as hunchbacks and the onlookers grow hysterical with laughter, at these presentations of physical horrors. On the same principle some of these Latins abuse their animals and laugh at the suffering the dumb brutes must feel and cannot express. We stand off and wonder at this perverted sense of humor that feeds on everything abnormal and hideous, but

isn't the humor that subsists on the cripples of marriage even less delicate, less human?

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE

A large percentage of women marry without love and they urge in self-defense that they cannot help it, that merciless social and economic conditions force them into it. Thus is "The most sacred of all human relationships, both for time and eternity, prostituted to the brute level of an affair of cash, and is quickly followed by months and years of misery."

The world is a hard place for the single woman to live in, and she is scarcely fitted by nature or any amount of training to fight her battles alone. An unmarried woman's freedom is limited and her every action open to criticism. There are only a few places to which she may go unattended and she is not supposed to be seen alone on the street after dark. If she has no escort she is obliged to stay at home. If she has an escort, people wonder who he is and how soon she will marry him. She must take any kind of an escort or stay at home always, lonesome and forlorn. Very often she has neither choice nor escort, and she is obliged to stay at home, or be seen alone in public places, when she immediately becomes the subject for gossip, pity or unkind criticism.

Nor is the bread winning an agreeable task for the average woman. She likes to think all occupations are open to her and that her mental and physical abilities are on an equal footing with man's and are to be appreciated and paid for at the same rate. But down in her own heart is the deep-seated feeling of the primitive woman to be in her own home, sheltered and protected by a man. A woman likes to boast she can go out into the world, to fight and conquer its battles and win a laurel wreath for herself. What she really wants to do is to snuggle into a man's arms and to find her peace and happiness resting against his heart.

The pain and tragedy and bitterness of thousands of women's lives is that they cannot realize their hopes and live the complete life their womanhood craves, for many women through the irony of fate or certain combinations of circumstance are overlooked by men. They either never have the chance to marry, or they invariably get the wrong chance.

"Though matrimony may have some pains, celibacy has few pleasures," says Samuel Johnson. Thus thousands of women prefer the wrong chance to the more painful condition of celibacy and isolation. A woman has been taught by countless generations, and up to the present day, that the proof of her desirability is to be chosen by some man, that not

to belong to some man is to make herself the target for comment, reproaches, contempt, and at best, pity; that not to marry is to be out of the world of sympathy and usefulness, out of the range of her scope.

Is it any wonder then, that woman prefers any kind of a home to no home, and any kind of marriage that releases her from the bondage of singleness, to no marriage? Yet the fact that her sin is an act of self-preservation makes it no less a sin. To marry without love is prostitution. She is selling herself for a home, and position, just as the woman of the street sells herself for money. Each sells her body and the difference in price is the only distinction between the two women. It isn't a moral distinction.

SHIRKING PARENTHOOD

People who marry should not shirk parenthood. There is too much of this shirking on the part of husband as well as wife. This is a constantly growing evil that threatens the home and the very heart of the nation, and it is almost the greatest cause for unhappiness in and disruption of marriage ties.

The woman who seeks to escape the responsibilities of motherhood not only wrecks her home but her health and her whole future happiness. She

and her husband may be all in all to each other, but the time is surely coming when there will be a flagging of interest which naturally would have been absorbed by the children. And just as surely the time is coming when the void in their hearts and homes becomes more and more noticeable and less able to be filled by anything that has hitherto occupied their attention. The saddest people in the world are they who want children and cannot have them; and when either husband or wife have deliberately shirked parenthood, each becomes the object of the other's scorn and contempt, and hatred, finally, since each has robbed the other of the only lasting happiness.

Children do more to keep people married than any other faction. They are the unbreakable ties that bind husband and wife to each other, and to home and duty. In our grandmother's time, when people had large families, divorce was a thing almost unknown. Today, the couples who have no children find their way to the divorce court with very little driving. It always seems easier to break up than to make up, when there is no responsibility in the home, no unbreakable mutual bond that urges patience and toleration—everything in fact but disruption. The rose-leaf touch of a baby hand can tie the marriage knot tighter than any other force of law or reason.

But a clever wife doesn't lose her wifeness in motherhood, as so many women do, and feel a smug satisfaction in so doing. She should always remember that although her children have a great claim on her, her husband has the first claim. A wife has no right to expect her husband to be devoted to her, if she is not devoted to him, and the excuse that her children take up all her time is no excuse, certainly none that satisfies the husband. Many a man is jealous of his own children, regarding them less as blessings than as usurpers of his home, for they have alienated his wife's affections.

MARRIAGE A PARTNERSHIP

Marriage is a partnership and should be regarded by the contracting parties with at least the saneness, responsibility, fairness and caution with which they would consider any other business involving serious risk. Each partner should agree to share and share alike in the work and responsibility of the business, as well as in the profits or losses. And the business will be a success just according to the efforts of each partner to make it such. Married people are, as a rule, quite agreeable to this partnership of equal rights and equal responsibility, until they have signed the contract, after which each leaves the responsibility to the other, each stands up for his own rights, regardless of the other, neither works

for the good of the house, and the business is left to shift for itself.

Now it stands to reason no business man would do things in such a slipshod manner if a few dollars were involved. He invests his money very carefully, but he invests himself and his life's happiness with scarcely a thought. In business he proceeds very cautiously, to avoid making mistakes, and he works early and late to make that business a success, to squeeze a few more dollars and cents out of it than is possible for his competitor. He works hand in glove with his partner for the success of the house against all the world.

But the real business of his life, his marriage, that either makes or breaks him, he leaves to run itself. It is this moral negligence to their greatest obligation, these poor business methods that would not be tolerated in any other business, that dissolves the marriage partnership, as they would any other partnership under the sun.

In this partnership Mary and John have agreed to share alike in work, joy and sorrow. That is the essence of true marriage. It isn't fair for Mary always to be ready to share the credit but not the debts, to absorb the joy but to hide in the clouds, to revel in ease and to shift work and responsibility when they come her way. Yet how many women do this, and expect the partnership to prosper?

Mary to be a fair wife, takes her share of the work with vim, exultation, energy and makes a success of it. She insists that the work of partnership be evenly divided, but naturally her half is the work that by sex and nature she is fitted for. Her share is the home and all within it. His share is the maintenance of the home, the work on the outside of it. Her share is bearing the children, his is supporting them, but it is their mutual work to train them and make them honorable citizens. Mary and John have each their separate work, suiting their respective capacities, but they have their mutual work also, which is essential to the success of their house—their mutual interest in the work of the other, their mutual sympathy and ever ready spirit of helpfulness for the work of the other.

Mary knows all about John's part of the work, because naturally he tells her, his partner, all about it. If John should happen to be ill, Mary can step into his business and run it for him. Of course she can't do more than run his accounts, if he is a professional man or an ice man. A woman is not fitted by nature to lug a cake of ice on her back, or to run a trolley car, or to be a policeman, or to accomplish any of the feats that require exposure and a man's physical strength. But she has brains and tact, and there are few limitations in any field of endeavor that they cannot overcome.

And John being a fair and equal partner, knows the business of the home, which is Mary's share, as well as his own. Doesn't every good business man who has the success of his house at his finger tips know every department of his business? If Mary should be incapacitated for a time, John would be capable and willing to wash and dress the children and send them to school, to broil a steak and make good coffee, to wash the dishes and clean the house. Mary is unable, because of her lack of strength and her sex to drive an ice wagon, but there's nothing in John's sex to prevent him from dressing his own children, nor from making good coffee. Why is it so many otherwise good men hold up their hands in horror from helping their wives about the home? Aren't they share-holders in that home? Isn't that a part of their business, the vital part? What is there in the home or in home duties that they should turn up their lordly noses at? It is the dignified half of the partnership that is in the wife's hands, but the husband shares her interest in it just as she shares his interest in his part of the work. There must be no fear, no hesitation of encroaching upon the other's territory, for the whole business of marriage is an equal partnership of share and share alike. All labor is dignified by love. Over the house must hover the angel of love with its wide spreading, protecting

wings and its spirit of sympathy and mutual helpfulness.

THE CLEVER WIFE

The clever, tactful wife will make her husband a success by the power of suggestion just as the poorest wife makes him a failure by the same process. The difference lies in the kind of suggestion.

If John lacks courage and initiative, Mary suggests tactfully that the enterprise, whatever it is that is awaiting John, is bound to be successful because John, who is such a wonderful manager, is at the head of it. If he comes home much the worse for wear because he has made a great mistake, she suggests that he will never do it again, because it is not in his nature to do such a thing. And so on through a long list of virtues that John doesn't possess. By suggesting them she actually calls them to life. If a man is a coward and his wife believes in his bravery, he will strain himself to be brave just to merit her good opinion of him. Whatever she believes of him, either of good or evil, he acts up to, subconsciously, until the idea finally converts him. A wife's faith in her husband's ability makes his ability. Her lack of faith causes his downfall. Let the nagging wife remember this, and accomplish by love and faith what she

has failed to achieve by reproaches and a display of her lack of confidence.

WHERE THE PRIVILEGES OF MARRIAGE CEASE

It is curious but true that "in marriage delusions are as necessary to happiness as realities." Not that the clever wife ever deludes herself, but she has sense enough to know that there are times when she must have eyes that see not and ears that are plugged. Suppose her husband is late for dinner, or fails to come home at all until the household is deep in the land of dreams. By what right does a wife take it on herself to put him through the third degree, to accuse, denounce, threaten, until the man is wilted into a lying, fawning, perspiring rag, or incensed to a raging, roaring bull? Marriage is a partnership, with all the faculties of partnership vested in each party. Each retains and develops his capacity for his individual good as well as the good of the house, for only by such means can the house grow. Marriage is not a prison with husband the prisoner and wife the jailer, nor vice versa. Woe to the couple who do not know where the privileges of marriage cease. Husband and wife by their wedding have not become less human but more so—not less independent but more so. When this truism receives general and generous recognition marriage will be a happier institution.

A wife cannot gain her husband's confidence by putting him on the witness stand and urging the law on him. If he does not give her all of himself for love, she had better be resigned, for she can gain nothing but quarrels, worry and aggravation by urging her authority on him. Moreover, her authority without love is an empty thing, with nothing back of it but a mere civil contract, empty words that without love are shorn of all their holy significance.

CHAPTER XI

PARENTHOOD—EVERY WOMAN SHOULD BECOME A MOTHER

EVERY woman should become a mother—it is the nature of the female of all species to produce young. When a woman fails in this, her natural function, she fails to fulfill her complete womanhood.

All womanly women crave motherhood—every woman worthy of the name longs for a baby at her breast, for baby arms to twine themselves around her neck, for a soft baby cheek to nestle against her cheek. She feels that her house and her heart are empty without the existence of little ones, that her mission is unfulfilled if she cannot call them to life, that her future is purposeless and that her race dies with her.

And every man of responsibility and a sense of the values of life feels the same way about fatherhood. After all, what are people striving for who do not have children? What is the purpose of life but to prepare for another life? Of what use is a tree that does not bud and blossom and reproduce itself? So it is with every form of plant and animal

life. Its usefulness is not of itself but of what it can produce.

PARENTHOOD—IMMORTALITY

This giving of one life for another, this going of one life to another is immortality. This we know for we see a continual manifestation of this law in everything that has life.

We talk of the everlasting soul, of life hereafter, of God, of Heaven, of Immortality, but at best we can only hope for the best. No one has returned to us from the other side of the Great Beyond to tell us what to look for in the next world. Life and Death and God and Creation are beyond the comprehension of our finite minds. But this we do know because we see it. We live again in our children, and parenthood is our definite immortality.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF FATHERHOOD

Parenthood brings with it great cares and responsibilities, but so does everything that is worth while in life. A man who is a father puts a check on his extravagance, his wild living, if he be ever so inclined to it; he orders his life so that he may be a credit to his children. His chief aim is to support them, to educate them, to give them a good moral and financial start in life, and to leave them

an honorable name. The ideal of fatherhood rounds out a man's nature and gives him something besides himself to think of. It develops the best in him of nobility and selflessness.

THE JOYS AND TRIALS OF MOTHERHOOD

But fatherhood does not begin to mean to a man what motherhood means to a woman, perhaps because he does not have to pay the price that a woman does for his children. Children, like love, are of man's life a thing apart; but they are a woman's whole existence. From the joy of conception when they become a part of her body and soul life, to the pain of birth, when they leave her to become separate human beings, but still sustaining life from her life, they are a vital part of her. They are of her own fashioning, her own planning, her own creation, and she has gone through the agony of death to give them life. They mean something to her.

There is nothing so lovely, so ideal as the relationship between a mother and her child. It comprises the embodiment of all that is tender in love and is the personification of all nobility and self-sacrifice.

ERRING MOTHERS

Such is the condition of motherhood in general. But in particular, there are bad mothers as well

as good ones, or perhaps I had better say erring mothers, for there are no bad mothers. There are many bad women but there are no bad mothers. It is a fundamental part of the nature of woman to be a good mother. But she is often an erring one, and errs not through her lack of heart but through her lack of intelligence.

When a woman becomes a mother the responsibility of a whole nation's weal or woe rests upon her. From the moment of her conception of motherhood she makes the future citizen. She molds his character, she makes him big or little, weak or strong, a hero or a coward. The child is a reflection of the mother, of her hopes, her aims, her ideals, and finally her training. And a child's training begins before it is born, before it is conceived. Let a woman remember that.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

The lessons learned in childhood at a mother's knees are never forgotten; the ideals and principles she inculcates in her children's very infancy are the ideals and principles that influence their actions ever afterwards and last them through life. When you see an honest man, thank his mother; when you see a great one, congratulate her, for she is the source of his goodness and greatness. And, alas, when you see a criminal, a defaulter, a de-

bauchee, a defamer of women—when you meet a woman of the street—condemn the mother. She alone is to blame. She has been lacking not in heart but intelligence, and her training has been faulty. Her weakness is her children's destruction, just as her strength is their mainstay.

COMPULSORY SCHOOL FOR MOTHERS

There ought to be a compulsory school for mothers in every tenement house district where children are bred by the score and damned in equally large numbers, by the lack of intelligence in their bringing up. The average tenement house mother is limited by her means, and consequently conditions and privileges that make for the intelligent training of her children. She is too busy saving the pennies to sustain *any* kind of life in her children let alone to devote due time to *choice* life. If a child cries for a pair of scissors she gives it to him to stop his crying—she has no time to argue with him. The next moment he has jabbed out his eyes. Then she shrieks like mad and rushes to a doctor, and the little time she could not spare to argue with him, is stretched into months, perhaps years of agonized nursing, while the other children are neglected and perhaps wrecking themselves in another way. Children of the tenements are bred without conscience or responsibility on the part of

their parents. Motherhood is thrust upon a poor, hard-working woman as often as law and nature allow, until she becomes absolutely careless and phlegmatic to her own and her children's condition. She knows in a half-hearted way that she is physically unable to care for the large brood she produces, that they need different food, air, education and training than what she can give them. She has a dim consciousness, perhaps, of the necessity of hygiene, but she cannot practice it, or she is too careless and tired out to try. Once in an age a statesman is born of a tired-out, weakened, unintelligent tenement house mother. Immediately he justifies all the grafting, raggedy politicians that are born of the same conditions. Once in a while a captain of industry emerges from the crowded tenement district, but he doesn't justify the hordes that work in sweat shops, underpaid and underfed and underlived, because by birth and training they have never been taught to look for anything better. Once in a while a poet is born of all the illiteracy of the tenements, and he becomes great because he can paint wonderful word pictures of the tragedy of existence—the kind of his people and of his experience.

The occasional genius that emerges from the mire, however, doesn't justify the mire. For the most part, people who are bred with no thought

and intelligence or love and responsibility, and in multitudes like mosquitoes, who have no home training, no idea of ideals, no conception of the meaning of life in its fullest, are not fitted to cope with life, and are hopelessly out of the running in the race with those of opposite environment and training; for life is ever a survival of the fittest.

Breeding children of the tenements without fitting them for life is breeding socialism and unrest. And with his usual short sightedness, a man does not blame his antecedents and his early conditions and his lack of home training, that all make for his incompetency and unfitness to cope with his successful opponent, but only blames and bitterly denounces his opponent.

LIMITING MOTHERHOOD—QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

In the tenement school for mothers the primary grade should be devoted to the teaching of limited motherhood. Indeed there should be a law to this effect that no woman should bear more children than she can decently look after and properly train. Every woman should enjoy motherhood but she should not be forced to motherhood beyond her enjoyment and capacity, as is the lot of nearly every tenement house mother. It is again the irony of fate that the woman who cannot afford more than two children has about ten, and the woman rolling

in wealth and luxury has about one or two puny near children, or perhaps none at all, when by every right she should have a dozen. What a happy world this would be if such things could be regulated! All talk of race suicide should be boiled down to the sane injunction: "Give us quality, not quantity, for the good of the state and the individual."

Apropos of the wealthy woman, a special training school for mothers is fully as great a necessity for her as it is for the tenement house mother. Most wealthy women leave the training of their children to servants. Such women do not deserve to be mothers, but they do deserve just the kind of children they so often have—spendthrift and useless and sometimes criminal sons, and irreverent, disobedient and unloving daughters.

A woman should train her sons and daughters from the very beginning to be companions to her. And she should have in the very beginning a clear conception of the kind of companions she would enjoy.

HOW TO TRAIN HER BOY

She should train her boy to be honorable, and courageous and manly, to love art and truth and all beauty in form and color as true expressions of the divine. She should teach him to reverence womanhood, to battle for the weak and the

oppressed as becomes true chivalry. And she should inculcate in him a strong sense of justice and fairness. Then he should be taken in hand by his father and taught the mysteries of sex, the necessity for cleanliness, uprightness and morality if he would lead a happy life and produce healthy and beautiful offspring. Such a boy who has everything explained to him in a delicate but frank, truthful and healthy way, does not go out to satisfy his curiosity in dangerous pitfalls. Blessed is the boy whose parents' high sense of duty to him overshadows their squeamishness, whose courage in truth is greater than false modesty, whose love for him lights his way all through life, so that he need not stumble through darkness—sustaining the many hard knocks that fall to the lot of most boys whose parents are less illuminating, because they are less courageous.

HOW TO INSTRUCT HER GIRL

Nor is a mother's training of her daughter a less hazardous and responsible task than that of training her son. Just as she has shaped him to be a good citizen and a kind husband to some good girl, so she trains her daughter to be a credit to her nation and a good wife and mother. She teaches her that marriage is her destiny only if it comes to her through love. She tells her at an early age

the beautiful story of sex and the sacredness of creation. A subject that is once made holy in a girl's mind by her mother, can never afterwards be approached with coarseness, vulgarity, jest or cheap curiosity. The girl who is gradually and gently led by her mother to know the great truths of existence, can never be contaminated in mind or body by impure companions. Moreover, her natural instincts that have been refined to acuteness by her mother's teachings, will naturally avoid such companions, and choose to be only with those who think, act and speak purely.

The right kind of a mother will remember that no woman is grounded in the duties of wifedom and motherhood, who is not self-supporting. Every girl, along with her education, her smattering of the fine arts, must learn some work by which she can support herself if the necessity should arise. To bring up a girl with the sole idea of feeding on some man is to make her a grafter in the truest sense, and to unfit her for the highest ideal of marriage. A girl who knows how to support herself will not grasp the first male meal ticket that comes her way. She will marry only when she loves, and for no other reason.

A mother of intelligence will inculcate in her children at an early age the difference in true and false values in all things. She will bring them up

in fear of the Lord, not in fear of the neighbors. She will teach them the ugliness of bluff and pretense, and the beauty of truth. She will teach them economy alongside with generosity, to live within their means, to pay their debts promptly, to despise empty show, to be simple in their habits, clean in their lives, and to love democracy and God.

Moreover, she will be a perfect fount of information and never tire of explaining to her children, nor of answering their questions. She will begin almost in their infancy to imbue them with a love for good books, pictures and music. They cannot too early in life acquire a discriminating taste for all the fine arts and it is mother's duty, as it should be her pleasure, to lead them. And she uses always within their hearing the very best language of which she is capable, and gently corrects them when they make mistakes.

A GOOD MOTHER THE IDEAL MOTHER-IN-LAW

Last, but not least, she is always there with her all-pervading love and sympathy and understanding. No one understands like a mother; to her the daughter comes unhesitatingly with her love affairs, and mother becomes a girl again in her daughter's happy blushes. She thrills with a renewed youth in her children's love stories. She plans with a girl's excitement and enthusiasm all

manner of entertainments for her daughter's *fiancé* and her boy's sweetheart. A perfect mother is at once a perfect mother-in-law.

Do the children of an intelligent mother have secret love affairs and shameful *liaisons* outside their homes? What need is there for street corner meetings when mother opens wide the doors of home and hangs out the illuminated shingle of her smile, "Welcome, my children. Come in out of the cold and bill and coo in the parlor." What need is there for elopements when mother's arms are open to receive the couple and bless them and give them a home wedding?

The intelligent mother never urges her choice of a husband or wife upon her son or daughter. She has given them a sense of real values when they were young. So when they arrive at a marriageable age she leaves them to choose for themselves, first because it is right that they should do so, second, because love is a free agent and cannot be urged, but must go where fate or fancy directs, and last as first, having ground into their natures a sense of true values she feels they cannot go far wrong in their choice.

Blessed is such a mother. The "length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor."

CHAPTER XII

THE HOME—THE MEANING OF HOME

HOME is where the heart is. There never was a truer saying. Home is the sanctuary of love. If it is not that it is not home, and whether it is a marble palace or a palm thatched hut, doesn't make the slightest difference. It is love and all its branches, as sympathy, tolerance, consideration, helpfulness not furniture and hangings, that make the home atmosphere. Many a laborer swinging his dinner pail, rushes home at the end of the day to his sanctuary of love, and feeling its heavenly rest and satisfaction, he is repaid for all his hard labor, and worldly deprivations; while on the other hand many a millionaire with winter homes and summer homes, and spring and autumn homes, wanders aimlessly around the world, from one country to another, from one club to another, homeless and forlorn, because home being where the heart is, he has no home. Perhaps he has a woman in one house, whom he has married and calls wife. Perhaps she is nursing a sick poodle, or playing

bridge. In another house he may have another woman—who has sold herself, not as the first woman has done, for a marriage certificate, but for money. It costs him money every time she smiles on him. But he and she understand it is an even exchange, and neither can afford to blame the other, although each despises the other. And the man wanders about homeless; all his wealth can't buy him a home.

But it doesn't necessarily follow that every man with a dinner pail has a happy home, nor that the rich man always has an unhappy one, any more than that the poor are always righteous and the rich cruel oppressors. The part of the under dog is very often taken from a sense of chivalry rather than Justice. Many a man coming home with a dinner pail smashes his wife's head with it. Instead of being grateful for the hot supper she has prepared for him, he curses her in his drunken frenzy, or he allows himself to be put to bed in a sullen stupor. No lot is harder than that of the laborer's wife. Her life is one round of work, thankless work and self-sacrifice. She is always bearing children, and cooking, washing, sewing, darning, saving the pennies. She never has anything to wear. She starves herself that her children may have more. She knows nothing but self-sacrifice. She is the slave and the door mat of her

husband and children, and they use her as such. When she dies, which is her only chance of rest, she is so sorely missed in her family that the husband and father instantly replaces her with another one like her—just as hard-working, just as self-sacrificing.

In this life the praise of the laborer's wife has never been sung, but in the life to come, a special laurel wreath will be placed on her brow, and angels will proclaim her glory, for she is the greatest of them all, the real heroine of life.

HOW TO KEEP A MAN AT HOME

Home is the place where husband and wife should act and think as they please. It must be a haven of rest, joy, comfort. There must be no stiffness, no restraint in it. To marriage home is the throne and love the sovereign.

A woman has a special genius for making a home. She has always been a home maker, and she has the art down to a science. Her very womanliness, her very presence makes the home atmosphere.

Benjamin Franklin says, "A house without woman and firelight, is like a body without soul or spirit." A woman is the soul and spirit of the home, but she can be a bad as well as a good soul and spirit.

When a man's home is a pleasant place to go to,

he looks forward all day to going there in the evening after his work in office, store, bank or factory. He looks forward to his dinner with his wife, and their sweet confidences and restful, happy times afterwards. He knows he can smoke and lounge around in every room in the house, that he hasn't been relegated to the roof, the cellar or the hall with his pipe, that no such atrocity as a "den" awaits him, that he can isolate himself for work or study in any room in the house whenever he wants to, but pipe or no pipe, he is ever welcome and joyously received in the heart of his family.

He knows that his wife will have his favorite dishes prepared for him, and like a congenial, sympathetic spirit she will hover over him, a reflection of his moods, in that if he is sad, she will also be sad, and if he is joyful she will rejoice with him. And she will help him with her advice or with her silence, for each has its use in its time; and always her love and sympathy, and profound understanding will envelop him. Is a man likely to stay away nights from such a wife and such a home? Is he likely to prefer clubs or lodges or boon companions? If he does he is hopeless, and only a fool tackles a hopeless proposition.

NO ONE SHOULD INTERFERE

No one should interfere between husband and wife, either to bring them together or to separate them. Married people will have their differences, and they will say all manner of unkind things to and about each other, but they will instantly resent a third person's saying them. Who hasn't seen a well-meaning friend or relative try to adjust a difference between man and wife, only to have the injured couple embrace each other heroically against all the world, forget all about their difference, and turn on the third person as the cause of all the trouble? It is just as Sydney Smith says, "Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

HOUSEKEEPING—THE KITCHENETTE APARTMENT

Married people must be left alone to work out their own salvation from the very moment they are married. It is best for a young couple to leave the parental roof at once, away from all interfering relatives, and start housekeeping on their own account, not in boarding house or hotel, or in kitchenette apartment monstrosities, but in a little house, or cottage or small flat with a real kitchen.

Of course a couple will regulate their choice of a home to their means of supporting it; but no matter how slender their income, if they can afford to marry at all, they must afford an apartment with a real kitchen, else it isn't a home.

A NATIONAL EVIL

I wonder how many people have considered the two-room-bath-kitchenette affair in the light of a national evil? And I wonder why they don't, for such it is surely becoming. Everywhere homes are being torn down and huge apartment houses divided into one or two rooms and kitchenette are springing up, and they are becoming so numerous, and so popular that they may be regarded as a national institution, and as the results show—a national evil.

A woman rushes into a kitchenette apartment to escape housework. She gives up her home, and all that it means to her husband and children, to escape housework and home duties. The kitchenette apartment is not an economy; on the contrary, it is far more expensive than a real home, for besides the high rental, it means dining in cafés, since the kitchenette does not permit of anything but very light housekeeping. And from the time a woman acquires the habit of dining in cafés she loses her home spirit. There is no more sweetness and privacy to her womanhood than there is to her

dinners. She becomes something to see and be seen and always on dress parade. She has nothing to do in her home and becomes restless and craves excitement. She becomes that greatest menace to herself and society—an idle woman.

To be moral, every human being must have some occupation. This is especially true of woman. Her work and salvation is the home; without it she is a lost creature.

A kitchenette apartment is no home to the average woman, but merely a place to dress in and go out of and come back to late at night to sleep. To sleep away the morning in, because there are no duties to call her up, to go to a matinee from in the afternoon, to return to, to dress for dinner, to leave for café or hotel, with husband or friend, to indulge in cocktails and cigarettes, to crave unnatural excitements, and abnormal sensations always engendered by idleness, and again to return to after midnight for a restless sleep. A kitchenette apartment is a place perpetually to go out of, not to stay in. Hence it is the destruction of woman.

A LAZY WOMAN'S PARADISE

A kitchenette apartment is the lazy woman's paradise. A lazy woman is the parasite of society; and anything that increases the already prodigious number of these parasites, is a national evil.

"The first sign of the degeneration of a race is the gradual breaking up of the home idea," says Boyesen, and truer words were never spoken. The kitchenette apartment is the breaking up of the home idea, and in the kitchenette apartment there is no room for children. That is its greatest curse.

KITCHENETTE APARTMENT HOUSES

I detest the modern kitchenette apartment houses of all big city life. I suppose they are an economic necessity. I suppose there is so little room left on the ground floor of this earth that people must continually climb up and up and store themselves away in cramped boxes of apartment houses one over the other with limited space and limited air and limited sunshine. And if this premise must be granted, I wonder if those hoards of humans who are periodically swept away by scourges and wars and holocausts aren't better off after all. Can a person reasonably be expected to live in the fullness of life and the pursuit of happiness in such cramped quarters? Can family life expand in these conditions when there is no family life at all? In what direction is the economic necessity of the present-day life leading us? To people of moderate means all roads to decent living seem to be closed. No more the little house with the garden and front porch and the sunshine all around it, with the big

sunny kitchen where the delicious home meals are cooked by mother or the old family servant; but a boxed up two-by-four kitchenette apartment, dark, gloomy, cramped, where the delicatessen atrocities are warmed over for the family meals. Now comes the "dinette," to accompany the kitchenette, where we stand up to eat our meals, and soon will come the "sleepette," where we shall probably be obliged to stand up through the night with closed eyes, taking an abbreviated night's rest. For the people of moderate means, who are in the large majority, all of life seems to be abbreviated. All they seem to get out of life is to work all day to enrich some trust or corporation, and to put every dollar of their earnings into their stand-up quarters in the kitchenette apartment.

In Latin American cemeteries, those in Havana and Mexico and South America, which I have seen, a thick adobe wall surrounds the *Campo Santo* or holy ground. In this wall are niches, about a foot square and a foot deep, several tiers of them from the ground up, where repose the bones of the dead. A glass window covers these apertures, and above or below are the names of the occupants, a description of them and often of their trade or calling, or predilections. Sometimes a photograph is there to show you what these bones looked like when they were properly assembled and stalked

the earth. A sight altogether weird and uncanny and irreverent to the mind of the Anglo-Saxon, but not so, evidently, to the Latin. Latin people as a rule are very faithful to their departed. On Sundays and holidays—and in Latin countries nearly all days are saint's days and holidays—a crowd gathers in these cemeteries. They assemble, in the holiday spirit, whole families of them, and bring their lunches, and flowers galore, wreaths, bouquets and single blossoms borne by the children, and they all camp out for the day beside these niches in the walls where they see and visit with all that remains of their friends and relatives.

LIKE LATIN AMERICAN CEMETERIES

The average kitchenette apartment house reminds me of these adobe walls in Latin cemeteries. In these apartment houses are rows upon rows of shelves where are stored human beings, all strangers to one another, with their name plates at the front door. The advantage I think is all to the bones in the cemeteries, however. At least they get fresh air and sunshine, and rest. And their friends come constantly to visit them. The apartment house dwellers, or cliff dwellers, get no rest or repose, a very limited and costly amount of air and sunshine, and their friends, if they have any, cannot come to see them because they have no room for company or

any of the social amenities of life. And although they almost live on top of one another, they have none of the spirit of neighborliness. One doesn't know what the other is doing, and doesn't as a rule care whether he is mad, sad, bad or glad. I don't believe that in any of the herding of the lower forms of animal life there is so little sympathy or fellowship. What an ugly way for the human family to live!

You will say that economic necessity forces so many people to live in this way. But who makes economic necessity? The people of this earth have inherited this whole earth for their pursuit of happiness. Why do they consent to live in any way except in the way in which they desire to live? The world is large and there is plenty of room and much to spare, and sunshine and fresh air for everybody. Surely it is only "man's inhumanity to man" that makes for such living quarters as the kitchenette apartment? Isn't it also the sheer nervousness and restlessness of this Jazz Age that condones the abbreviated life of the kitchenette apartment? It takes time to live decently, and people of today seem to have no time to live. And all of life's accessories are made to accommodate the Jazz idea to "make it snappy." I wonder some one doesn't foster the idea of a Jazz Heaven as a protest against the rest and quiet of the grave.

CHAPTER XIII

EQUAL RIGHTS IN SEX

WOMEN wanted the franchise and fought for it, until in these days there are very few countries where they do not enjoy equal rights with men in government and in every department of life. A woman's career is now limited only by her intelligence and her courage. So her long fight has yielded her a magnificent victory.

The greater victory, however, is still to be achieved. Women now need the right to assert their womanhood. The franchise, the right to vote, and its attendant privileges have brought them a material success. By it their brains and ability have received due recognition. Now the long fight is on for happiness. Love is the only thing that brings happiness. A woman needs equal rights in love. She needs the recognition of her womanhood. Her greatest need is equal rights in the privilege of selecting a mate. There should be no lonely women, no old maids eating their hearts out for normal happiness. Each woman, anywhere and

everywhere, should have the right to ask the man to marry her who pleases her fancy. That is the right every man enjoys. So bachelorhood is not forced upon him. To be sure the woman might be refused. So is man and he is not thought the less of because of it. Let her try again, if she wishes. It should be her privilege, just as it is man's. Somewhere there is a man for her, a mate for her, for life was so ordained. She should be privileged by established custom and decency to go out and seek that mate, just as is man. What a woman really wants, what she really needs is equal rights in sex. The franchise that will achieve her greatest triumph is her absolute freedom from the bondage of convention.

THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE HER MATE

The laws governing sex should be made equal for men and women. A woman's desires and needs should be recognized and provided for as they are for a man. When she is at liberty to do as man does, when she can go out and choose her mate—then and then only will she have achieved equal rights.

Then the whole social order will be revised and woman will be on an equal footing with man. Man will know that he can never more play fast and loose with woman for she can pay him off in his

own coin. He will never more be arrogant or selfish and bestow himself as a special favor on a woman if she pleases him, and woman will not eternally have to smile her approval of things she disapproves, merely to curry favor with a man and keep him by her side. A man will understand that he must make some attempt to live up to a woman's ideal of him or she will cast him aside and go out in search of another. Her greatest curse now is having to wait until some man chooses her. There are thousands of women who are never chosen, there are thousands of others who allow themselves to be chosen by the wrong men, rather than to be left alone, and there are thousands who are indignant at this humiliation imposed on their sex, from which they seem unable to recover.

THE BLIGHT ON WOMANHOOD

Why are there thousands of females in the human family who never fulfill their womanhood by realizing wifedom and motherhood, when such a blight is unknown in lower animal life? A cow, a tiger, a fish or a frog reproduces itself according to the divine laws of love, nature, God, whatever you wish to call it. But a woman, the highest expression of soul life, must live and die, alone, unloved, and unfruitful, because she chooses the thralldom of convention to the expression of nature.

THE LAWS OF CONVENTION

Centuries ago, as far back as the stone age, when a man sandbagged the first female that attracted him and dragged her to his hut, he laid down the law to her and told her how and when to breathe, but he never deigned to tell her why. He told her she must stay in the hut and bear the children, and never venture forth. If she looked at another man he killed her, and dragged in another female to take her place. The female in any case was simply there for his use, his pleasure, his whims. It was not for her to have desires of her own, much less to dare express them. He made the laws that made her exclusively his own and it was for her to obey, for he by right of greater physical strength and brutality was the conquering hero, and she the vanquished and humble slave. And in those days her brain was so clouded that she did not know enough to ask questions or discriminate between the right and wrong of it. She could only submit to fate in the shape of her lord and master.

These laws made by the conquering brute in the man of the stone age, have come down to us now, softened but intact, modified but inviolable, and are politely called the laws of convention. And they say just as forcefully now as they did then, "Woman, stay in your hut till some man calls for

you. Don't dare to venture forth on your own account. Don't dare to give expression to your own desires, your own nature. You are only a woman anyway, and you are not supposed to have any nature."

But woman has grown in intellect, and she is beginning to ask "Why?" She wants to know why all other obsolete customs of centuries ago have been abandoned and these conventions, hedging in woman and limiting her mental vision and her soul growth, still obtain and are indeed of the very fabric of society. She wants to know whether woman has not love, passion, brains, energy, individuality, as well as man, in equal parts as man, and why she must not give expression to them as man does? She tries to fathom the inconsistencies of these conventions, but she cannot. For the sins a man commits, he is taken into society and petted and flattered and finally married to the young and pure daughter of the house. If a woman harks to the same call of the blood, she, although she is acknowledged to be the weaker vessel, is cast out of society, and considered unfit for marriage with the lowest of men.

This then is the great inequality, the great injustice that hangs over the sex like a pall. When woman has achieved sexual rights, and has either thrown over the laws of convention, or forced men

to comply with them in equal proportion to herself, then, and then only, may she face man, look him straight in the eye, and grasp his hand in true fellowship.

THE AGE OF REASON

There are thousands of noble women who have elected to live celibate lives rather than marry the wrong men. They and the thousands who have never been chosen will justify themselves in the perfect age of reason and equal rights. They will venture forth and choose their mates. The world is full of kindred spirits that are walking about alone and disconsolate because convention keeps them apart. There's a man for every woman, and a woman for every man, and either is wrong to do without the other. But each must make an effort to find the other. There is no progress without energy.

MAIDENLY MODESTY

The laws of convention have much ritual about the requirements of maidenly modesty. But what is real modesty, if not truth, and what is convention that chokes and subdues truth, but hypocrisy and lies?

It is taken for granted that every man wants a woman, and it is even conceded without too much fuss that he wants two or three, and society smiles

indulgently. It is just as true and in accord with nature that every woman wants a man, but convention denies her the privilege of the expression of that desire, if it can't suppress the desire itself. And society frowns and calls such a woman immodest.

A WOMAN'S IDEALS

Every true woman wants to be a wife and mother. That is the function of her womanhood, the expression of her nature. She wants to have love, home, husband and children; these are her essentials. All other desires and activities are but a reflection of that home, and branches and blossoms of it. In the Perfect Age each woman will seek and find her mate and establish a home with him and care for that home while he goes out to support it. Women will leave the shop, the factory and business office for the home, and so a double purpose will be accomplished by the one act. The places left vacant by women will again be taken up by men at a higher wage, and they in turn, as they are better equipped to support families, will more readily take on the responsibilities of them. Women by becoming wives and home makers endear themselves doubly to men, not only in their more winning and feminine personalities, but in their leaving the field work for the men.

The laws of convention make prostitutes of

women and lustful beasts of men. Women give themselves up for their livelihood, and men use the slaves provided for them by this, their economic system.

WOMAN'S RECOURSE

Schopenhauer calls women deceitful and liars, but he doesn't go deep enough and say why. Woman is deceitful because man has made her so. Just as she puts a coat of paint and powder over her face to make it something that it is not, so she masks her true nature, to please man, ostensibly, but really to please herself. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Woman knows that to preserve herself she must please man. For countless ages she has owed him food, shelter, clothes; for these she has given herself in the past and so she continues to give herself, up to the present day. Even today when her brain is expanding, and her progress in all directions is sweeping her to a realization of her latent powers, and the possibility of coming into her own,—her independence, her freedom from the slavery of ages,—she rarely hesitates when the opportunity is offered her of wearing a yoke if it is an attractive one. Very few women have the courage to free the soul, when it involves a hardship to the body.

FALSE IDEAS OF MODESTY

Our laws of convention create false ideas of modesty. A woman is made to feel that she must keep all her natural desires locked within her innermost nature. She must never give expression to them lest she be deemed immodest; hence she is deceitful. It stands to reason that man-made laws do not change the inevitable laws of creation. Convention may not allow a woman to be a flesh-and-blood human being, but such she is, nevertheless, and such she was created, to be man's equal and man's mate. If custom decrees that she must pretend to be something else, and she is obliged to obey the rules of custom or be deemed immodest, why blame her for being that something else, and hence deceitful?

A woman cannot be a free courageous being under these petty little laws of pretense that keep her in slavery.

Why is modesty made a sexual question? Why isn't it naked beauty instead of covered ugliness—truth instead of subterfuge and pretense? Isn't the former preferable to the latter? Isn't the former strong and healthy and the latter sick and weak? Yet woman to be modest must always struggle under the yoke of pretense, falsely called modesty.

IF WOMEN HAD THEIR RIGHTS

If woman were allowed to walk shoulder to shoulder with man—if the same sexual laws that governed him also governed her—if his liberty and latitude in choice and self-realization were also hers, the greatest social evils of the day would be eliminated. There would be fewer unhappy homes, there would be fewer divorces, less “white slavery,” fewer lewd men and loose women. The whole social structure would be on a different foundation. It would be based, not on lies, deceit, eternal sin and eternal bluff, as it now is, but on truth, purity and courage. Lies, sin, deceit would die out directly there was nothing to be gained by them.

SEXUAL FREEDOM PLUS ECONOMIC FREEDOM

If a woman were sexually free, she would be economically free. If a woman were free to choose a man, she wouldn't marry until she loved, and she would be quite content to earn her own living in whatever field of endeavor she were led by her aspiration and capabilities, until she met the man she loved. There would be no laws of convention to tell her she must marry within a certain time or be deemed undesirable. There would be no such term as “old maid,” uttered in a scornful or reproachful or pitying tone, if everyone were aware that every

woman could marry whenever she chose and her being single was obviously her choice. A woman would be just as valuable as a man, then, for she would be just as desirable at fifty as at fifteen. No woman could dread spinsterhood when there was no spinsterhood to dread.

The laws of convention make cowards and slaves of women economically. No woman sets out on a career of work, to make an honest living for herself, because she knows that unless she is extraordinarily lucky, she must put herself in the way of some man between certain years in her life when he deems her young and desirable. Knowing this, with the anxiety and nervousness it entails, she cannot settle down to do good and serious work, unless she resigns herself to spinsterhood. No woman is so resigned when she is young, and when she is old nobody wants her. That is why a woman cannot occupy the same position in the business world nor receive the same wages as man. She doesn't take her work seriously, because she knows that within a given time she must marry.

And the same fear makes her marry the wrong man. She isn't sure the right one will come. She knows she mustn't go in search of him, so she takes the first man, with or without love, so long as he offers her food, shelter, clothes and his name which, to her, greatest of all, protects her from the

stigma of celibacy—of being deemed undesirable. Always the soul starvation is chosen to the material discomforts of the body. And just so long as there are the so-called laws of convention to which woman must bow and man can snap his fingers, just so long will woman's soul growth and genius be retarded.

If woman were free, sexually, if she could choose her mate, if she could love when and where and whom she would, there would be no more loveless marriages. A woman's love nature is the biggest part of her. "'Tis woman's whole existence." She would not marry for home or money or position, but always for love, if she had her choice in the matter. Thus her marriage would be basically right. She would not, as now, "smile and smile and be a villain still," humor a man to gain her desire, sell herself for luxury, as any common woman does, because there would be no need for such deceit, such meanness. She wouldn't give a second thought or waste a word or a smile on a man she didn't care for, because she would know that it rested with her fully as much as with fate or the man, to meet him to whom she could give herself in the holy union of love. And directly no woman married but for love, nor stayed married but for love, man would cease to dominate, and domineer her. She would rise at once to his ever-

lasting respect and esteem. He could never feel again that he had bought her by a marriage certificate or a sum of money, and owned her since she had sold herself, body and soul. He would know that she was his equal with a free and independent spirit of her own, whom he must love and honor if he would keep her, who fulfilled her function of womanhood by being a part of him, not by physical slavery but by soul emancipation. He and she would be truly,

"As unto the bow the cord is,
Useless each without the other!"

The laws of convention that enslave women are responsible for all the unhappy homes in marriage. There are countless homes that husbands dread to enter of an evening after their day's work, for home which is Heaven with love, is precisely the opposite place without it.

A man dreads to enter his home when there is no love in it, and for the same reason his wife shudders at his approach. Yet such two live together in the holy bonds of wedlock, a very mockery to their vows, a living farce to marriage. He is in the home from a sense of habit, and a sense of duty because of her economic dependence. And she stays in the home and continues her sinful relationship, her hideous way of making a living, because the laws of convention approve it. If she

were to leave that house of ill repute, for such it is without love, though it be her husband's house, and make her living in some independent, honest way, convention would frown on her, for her dependent sex must not be unprotected—even though that protection be her soul's prison.

So hundreds of thousands of wives stay in the home, and bear insult and torture, not because they are Spartans but cowards, not because they are patient but afraid. They dread to explore the wilds of the free open world; they would rather go along the beaten paths, no matter how thorny. They prefer to be abused in the privacy of their homes, to braving the scorn of convention in public alone. They have neither the courage of their convictions, nor a conviction of their courage. They would rather have a dollar flung at them at home, than to go out to earn it honorably.

THE IDEAL FUTURE OF WOMAN'S SEX EMANCIPATION

If a man loved his wife (and he would have to love her to have a wife, in the perfect age of woman's sexual equality), he would have a happy home, and he would be in that home, enjoying it to the fullest, not out of it whenever he could hatch up a reasonable or unreasonable excuse. His wife would be his sweetheart, and the eternal romance

of his life, not always and always the other woman. And his children, the proof of his union of love, would be beautiful in mind and body.

When woman has her rights there will be no more "white slavery." To eliminate an evil, kill the need for it. When a woman can choose the honorable she will shun the dishonorable. When she is free she will not sell herself into slavery, and when she refuses to sell herself, man will respect her.

Nor will there be divorce, that accompanying horror to unhappy marriage, in the perfect age of woman's sex emancipation. Divorce is the result of unfaithfulness, which cannot be where there is love, or incompatibility on some ground or other—usually as the result of long wrangling and the drawn out misery of enforced companionship, another impossible thing where there is love. When woman is free she will never stand idly by, as she does now as long as she stands on the pedestal of duty approved by convention, and see love die a slow, horrible death. She will instead rescue love from the darkness of her marriage dungeon, into the sunlight and the pure free air of Heaven. She will give love a chance to recover and grow to the fullness of its strength and beauty again in another more wholesome atmosphere. She will never grow old and sad and faded because love is dead, but

she will enjoy perennial youth and beauty in the joy of ever living love.

The perfect age of woman's sex emancipation will benefit man equally with woman. When convention has given woman sex freedom, it will give her intellectual freedom to govern it. The intellectual growth is so affiliated with the soul growth that one stands or falls without the other. So far men have avoided and cried down the intellectual woman. The concubine is never intellectual—and man has for ages preferred to keep woman for his physical rather than for his mental stimulation. In the perfect age he will realize that the intellectual woman whose every sense has been cultivated and refined, can feel a thousand joys and pains that are hidden to a grosser nature. He will know that the refined intellect only can feel the exquisite refinements of love. Just as the scholar and critic recognizes a wonderful painting, or the person keenly attuned to exquisite harmony, weeps over a soul-stirring piece of music, when neither the painting nor the music would move the ordinary untrained eye and ear, so love in its fullest, as a whole, and in all its various manifestations and refinements, can best be understood by the refined intellect that knows, and the refined soul that feels. Learning does not deaden the senses. It sharpens them, and makes them painfully, exquisitely sensitive.

Man cannot fail to grow, when woman, his mate, grows. Her development means his development, her happiness his no less, for when she is his mate in the true sense of the word their interests are one and indivisible.

It is often urged that a woman can obtain her desires by smiling on a man, by teasing and coaxing and wheedling. Hence, wherefore is it for her to seek to rule by law, to gain by force what may be hers, as it always has been, for a smile? But those are the methods of the harem women,—the slaves of the East,—and the mark of woman's subjection to man. Surely that isn't a dignified base on which to put an honorable woman of sense and sensibility! Why should she lower her womanhood and offer her sex always in return for favors? In the perfect age man will glorify himself by dignifying his mate. He will raise her to his level to walk shoulder to shoulder with him, and her equal rights in all things with him will be a matter of course, not of question. It will not be for her to plead by the various methods which her sex suggests, and for him to bestow graciously or grudgingly, in proportion as he is pleased with her. In the perfect age of reason and justice and equal rights in sex woman will not need to be a grafter. She will be a fine, normal, healthy, natural human being. For once she will be genuine, and she will

use the sweetness of her nature and the beauty of her sex for the high purpose to which they were consecrated by divine law.

CHAPTER XIV

THE JAZZ AGE

THE world is constantly moving, but not necessarily changing. Prosperity comes in waves and tides. The whole world of thought changes every hundred years and comes forth with a new 'ism or 'ology which is finally traced to prehistoric times, where it had its inception. Fashions and customs change every decade. First we have a romantic period, where the human emotions are allowed to emerge and burst forth and submerge every phase of human thought and endeavor. The art, literature, music and action of that period are romantic, and people wallow in their emotions until they are surfeited and tired. Then comes the classic period, which is precisely the opposite thing. People repress their emotions and become stone and ice; and every activity, art, artifice and science of the period is unemotional, exact and keenly analytical. But underneath the strata of the different periods, human nature remains the same. Hence the human comedy.

SYNCOATED MEASURE

Somebody asked me whether I thought we were in the classic or the romantic age, and I said, naturally, "Neither. This is the Jazz Age."

It's the age of the short-haired flapper, of the boy with the bottle on his hip, of petting parties, of tragically wise children, of young old girls and old young girls. All regular measure seems to have gone out of music and out of life. Syncopation is in the very air we breathe. It's in our blood, and every effort we make seems to be to syncopated time. It's the rhythm of the aborigines in primeval forests, *sans* clothes, *sans* civilization, *sans* everything but palpitating life in the throes of animal enjoyment. Everywhere the savage tom-tom rattles to African dances, and a farce is made of civilization and culture.

IS THE WORLD WAR RESPONSIBLE?

Is the World War responsible for the Jazz Age? I believe so. That conclusion has its sorrow as well as its relief. It would seem that the after effects of the war are more disastrous and more lasting than the war itself. But we do know that in the natural course of events "this too shall pass away." So we possess our souls in patience until domestic peace, order, sanity and decent living are restored.

In war days our young people were supreme. They developed a spirit of recklessness with their courage which then seemed to uphold that courage and be a necessary part of it. That recklessness survives and doesn't seem to be so necessary now. War is uncivilized and knows no restraint. But with peace restored the restraint upon brute force and brute impulse is surely civilization's most dire necessity as well as its highest duty.

The young people of today seem to have no restraint or control which they can place on themselves or have placed upon them. A huge crime wave is sweeping over the land because young people are running wild. Parents seem to have lost all authority over their children. Indeed it is a sad truth that too often the old-young and foolish bob-haired mother and the young-old and wise bob-haired daughter are boon companions and fellow conspirators in unseemly orgies of prohibited liquor and prohibited love.

THE WORLD GONE MAD

Something has gone wrong. There are still countless dear old-fashioned mothers with us who taught their brood of children to be respectful, self-respecting and to have a holy regard for the decencies of life. They look upon the Jazz Age and think the world has gone mad. All mothers, old-

fashioned and modern, say it is the tendency of the age for children to run wild and forget the home training. I can't believe, however, that a boy or girl who has a good mother can get very far away from that good mother's teachings. And I believe that in a measure at least every mother is responsible for the kind of child that she turns out on the world, regardless of whether the age is classic, romantic or jazz.

The cry of the Jazz Age is for a new erotic sensation every minute. Dances are savage, conduct is savage, desires are savage. But I believe this craze of the unstrung nerves of war's aftermath will gradually but surely subside. Human nature can stand just so much and no more, and it appears that the limit of endurance has nearly been reached. Young people have wallowed in their half-baked erotic emotions long enough. Now comes the call of public opinion to restore them to order. Public opinion manifests itself in fashions. Fashion is beginning to call for the old-fashioned round dances. Young people will heed the call of fashion as of nothing else. With the old dances must come the old time rules of etiquette and deportment. Then perhaps the old time ideals of modesty, morals and conduct will follow. It is a reaction devoutly to be prayed for and reasonably to be expected.

Not that the severe classic period is anywhere near. We hope it isn't. The call to Nature is in line with the progress of the world. The Jazz Age is just the opposite for it is a return to the primitive.

THE CALL TO NATURE

Let joy be unrefined is the call of the savage and of the Jazz Age. Let joy be unconfined so long as it is normal, clean and decent, is the call to Nature.

Except for the war and its attendant evils we are living in the greatest age of science, invention and general human progress, that the world has ever known. Only the soul growth seems to be stunted.

The call to Nature means the call to truth, beauty and love. We shall appreciate art only as it is truth. Since it is no longer considered fashionable to encase either the body or the brain in the tight corsets of convention we can give them both an equal chance for freedom. So love will become less of an exotic and more of a healthy vegetable; and men and women will become finer, better, more honest, as Nature forces off the veneer of pretense and hypocrisy.

CHAPTER XV

THE PICK-UP ACQUAINTANCE—HUMAN FELLOWSHIP

HOW suspicious we are of one another! If people approach us who haven't first been formally introduced, we are afraid to reply to their salutations. We suspect their motives at once. And we may be right in that, too. But the chances are, ten to one, that they are just lonely and their approach is an appeal for our friendship.

Loneliness is a devastating heart hunger. The man in the Fifth Avenue Club feels it as well as the clerk in the hall bedroom. Perhaps the millionaire with his host of sycophants feels it even more because he thinks that everybody who approaches him has designs on his money. He longs to know somebody who doesn't know of his money and would care for him alone. But he is at a loss as to how to make such friends. So he sits in his club and looks out of the window at the crowds of passersby, sad, lonely and cynical. He wishes he could indulge in a pick-up acquaintance and so

take a chance of finding true disinterested fellowship. But he doesn't dare to. He knows he would be regarded with suspicion by those he approached, and secretly he knows he would be suspicious if those he approached took him for granted and extended to him the hand of fellowship. Of such are the laws of convention, and so do they form habits in a man and restrict his natural desires and inclinations.

The better circumstanced the man or woman and the more self-respecting, the more lonesome they are, for the less they can afford the chance of a pick-up acquaintance. Nobility obliges and responsibility restricts.

So I have seen them sit around in the great crowded centres of the world, in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Shanghai, Manila; men and women, drifters, homeless, hopeless, purposeless, and all because of being friendless. I dare say that nine-tenths of all crimes and suicides are directly due to the desperation and hopelessness caused by loneliness. Men and women are glad to quit because of the ugly struggle for a friendless existence which doesn't pay. In the Orient they drink themselves to stupefaction. In Europe and South America they drift into evil excesses of abnormal sex indulgences which rob them of health and self-respect. In all the large cities of the United

States they wander about the streets, in and out of hotel corridors and lounges, look into shop windows or drift into the Movies, which have become the special resorts of the lonesome and the aimless; and Movie magnates reap a rich harvest from these hopeless men and women.

What a sea of faces that bear every resemblance to the human family but which mean absolutely nothing to us, just as though they belonged to another species. We realize dimly that they face the same problems that we do, that the same tragedies and comedies encompass them as us. Yet we are not even remotely concerned with them. Their lives touch us not. Their voices are a mere babble of sound that do not strike a responsive note in our soul.

Then comes one being out of this intangible and to us unintelligent mass. One man or woman whom the soul recognizes, one voice which echoes throughout our being and completes the eternal harmony of our whole human keyboard. This is the being, whether lover or friend, whom we eternally seek, the one who colors life for us, who makes the gray realities into the rose color of romance, who makes the brief sojourn here a lovely holiday. Without this magnetic being who awakens for us the spirit forces all about us, we are barely raised above the beasts of the field whose lives are entirely composed

of eating and sleeping. Men and women were not meant to be like that. But they cannot rise to the higher force of the spirit world without that spiritual communion with a congenial soul. And so they always seek, and rarely find, chiefly because the conventional laws of the social world contrive to keep people apart instead of in friendly intercourse which would open up the opportunity to find whom they seek. And the genteel soul accustomed to centuries of self-repression withdraws within itself and starves and dies of the longing unrealized. This devastating loneliness of the soul is felt by all humans in varying degrees, but in all its poignancy only by the highly sensitized of the soul and intellect.

Is the spirit of honest friendship in the land? Is it only convention that keeps people at a distance from one another and immersed in their own affairs to the total exclusion of the affairs or lack of affairs of others? Or are they afraid of one another because, as Tennyson says,

“The grand old name of gentleman,
Defaced by every charlatan,
And soil’d with all ignoble use,”

applies to too many people?

Thousands of these men and women could be saved from themselves, from their own bitter reflections if not from actual despair if the hand of

genial good-fellowship were extended to them at the psychological moment.

If there were a feeling of friendship among people, if each man and woman recognized their duty and relationship to every other man and woman, so that all would feel as one big family, with the interest in one another that family life engenders, loneliness, that universal heart hunger would vanish from the earth.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF UNIVERSAL FRIENDSHIP

I believe it would be a better and happier, and in any event a more interesting world if all human beings of the earth extended the hand of friendship and fellowship to one another, without the constraint of convention that now forces the self-respecting and responsible to wait in disconsolate loneliness, because convention demands formal introductions. In most cases what are these formal introductions? One person passes another along as "Let me make you acquainted with Mr. or Miss So and So." In any case we are the ones who must pass judgment and determine by our experience of them whether they are congenial to us and in every way please or displease us. And the same test would apply to any stranger whom we might meet without the formal introduction.

What an interesting world it would be, how in-

structive, how entertaining, how ever new and changing, if we felt we were privileged by social law and usage to talk to every stranger whose appearance appealed to us. And what a world of love and friendship we might all discover.

Of course there would be disappointments as we found that people who looked interesting and congenial, often turned out to be the opposite. But we could always find others. The supply would be inexhaustible. Of course water would seek its level then as now. But with a million potential friendships for every man and woman surely all that is flat and dull, stale and unprofitable in life would have vanished.

HOW CAN I MAKE ACQUAINTANCES?

How often have I been asked by some man or woman, "How can I make acquaintances? I am very lonely." And I want to say, "Speak to people wherever you meet them. Recognize that they are related to you. You are of the human family. So are they. To be sure they may turn out to be relatives that you don't like, but that's an even chance with all relatives. Anyway speak to them and find out. They're taking as much chance as you are in a strange pick-up acquaintance."

Instead I am obliged to say, "Look out! Beware! The stranger who approaches you without a proper

introduction may steal your purse or your good name. He may have all sorts of evil intentions. You can't afford to give him the benefit of the doubt because you see he has no regard for established order and social decency. If you don't respect the conventions he won't respect you."

And so life goes on, artificial, lonesome and a mockery to us all. And utterly stupid, when instead we might all be discoverers and equal shareholders in the world's treasure trove of love and friendship.

IN THE SMALL TOWNS

In small towns and villages everybody knows everybody else. In large cities one is often a stranger to one's nearest neighbors. In all places, however, large and small, there are social circles and cliques, and persons on the outside of these are very much alone, isolated, and left to their own resources to make acquaintances. This is true even of small towns where everybody should be sociable, since everybody knows everybody else, but more especially is it true of large cities where nobody is really known, and where those left outside of social circles are often in a position of painful isolation and are actually compelled to resort to all manner of questionable methods to make acquaintances.

I wonder why methods that are forced on us by

society should be either questionable or open to harsh criticism. Everyone criticizes the practice of "picking up" acquaintances, but nine out of ten of such cases are the result of loneliness and not viciousness, as so many of the comfortably righteous suppose.

NOT GOOD TO BE ALONE

Man is a social animal. He craves the society of his kind. "It is not good for man to be alone," says the Bible, and both man and woman subscribe to that undeniable truth. When the foibles of our modern artificial society fail to cater to our wants, we naturally fall back on Nature, on first principles. When a man is alone, and he meets a woman whom he admires, and he knows of no way to be introduced to her according to society's demands, he acts upon natural impulse and speaks to her without an introduction. If she responds, there is a pick-up acquaintance, and both people are severely criticized for their so-called questionable methods.

THE "PICK-UP"

Under our present social system every man and woman recognizes that these methods, which in themselves are perfectly sane and natural, are questionable, for the reason that the man who "picks up" a woman does not trust her, and the

woman who "picks up" a man does not trust him nor herself. Each knows that the other is doing the unconventional thing, the forbidden thing, and neither knows whether the other is doing it out of mischief, psychological research, or merely the desire for social intercourse, which has not been gratified in conventional channels.

There are many "pick-up" acquaintances that result in delightful friendships, and there are those that end in shame and disaster. And because a woman can never know what the result will be to herself, because the danger to her is so great, the woman who values herself, who has something to lose doesn't venture, and the other kind of woman who has nothing to lose, no matter what the experience, indulges herself. This the man knows. Hence his disrespectful attitude to the woman who allows herself to be "picked up," feeling as he does that since she does not value herself, there is no need for him to value her, and that a respectful attitude is neither called for nor would be properly appreciated.

So the lonesome man whose social opportunities are limited, solely in his longing for companionship, speaks to the first pretty girl who attracts him, providing he gathers courage from catching her eye, and receives what he considers some slight encouragement. He approaches her in whatever way

and manner the occasion and her manner warrant. Perhaps it is in a spirit of bravado, perhaps with a mock respectful air, or in a gallant manner, that he suspects will be more fetching with that particular type of girl. But always he expects nothing more from his adventure than the passing away of an idle hour, at a greater or less cost to himself than the previous experience of a like nature. A man gets to be a *connoisseur* in the matter of "pick-ups" as he does with everything else that he has acquired with judgment and practice.

And yet he is always surprised when the "pick-up" is a real woman, fine, lovely, dignified, which she often is, and then it is that his flippancy changes to sincerity, his mock respect to real homage, his flattery to real admiration, and his tired hopes are once more revived in a belief in himself and in woman, in the companionship and promise of delightful friendship which opens out to him its beautiful pleasure park, in place of the desert in which his loneliness and consequent cynicism have enveloped him.

LACK OF SOCIAL OPPORTUNITIES

There are thousands of charming but lonely women who have no social opportunities to make friends of the opposite sex, and these women are in all classes of society, but more especially in the

ranks of working girls. These are employed all day in office, shop or factory. At night they return to their homes and families, or to hall bedrooms and boarding houses. This kind of girl is especially to be sympathized with. In many a working girl's home there is social gayety and the social opportunity that she needs and craves, but the girl who has no other home than the hall bedroom, in which narrow confines she cooks her solitary breakfast and supper, what chance for social life and advancement has she, and who would criticize her for so-called questionable methods that are forced on her by unfortunate social conditions that she neither deserves nor can help? She is human, and she longs for companionship. She has her dreams about giving up her life of work and loneliness for a home, husband and children. These are the sum total of every woman's dreams, and most particularly of the working girl's without a home. Her excessive need of love and sympathy and home ties, and her lack of opportunities to acquire them by the legitimate methods demanded by society that neither recognizes nor provides for her, often make her resort to questionable methods. She takes a walk and "picks up" a man on the street, or she goes to a dance hall and dances with whoever asks her, and allows these "pick-up" acquaintances to accompany her to her home or to invite her to dine.

HER EXCUSE

She is obliged to go to places alone because she has no companion and no escort. Who can blame her if she returns accompanied by a man, and who will criticize her for returning his salute without an introduction since there is no one to introduce him to her, or to take an interest in either of them? There are always plenty of people ready to criticize a girl, to take an interest in her downfall rather than her uplift.

A REMEDY

Numerous settlement workers, whose knowledge of humanity and human needs is limited, preach to these girls about their questionable methods of making acquaintances, but not one has enough largeness of vision to provide them with legitimate means of making acquaintances. The church which should be the social centre of every community, which should make it a special duty and be proud of it to introduce all the people of its community to each other, which should investigate every inch of its ground of jurisdiction to find a lonely soul who needs companionship and sociability, somehow woefully fails in its mission. Every church should be filled to its capacity with the socially as well as the religiously inclined. "Love thy fellow man" is the greatest sermon that can be

preached in any church. Take the lonely man or woman into your hearts and homes, go out to find him or her, wherever they may be, and force them out of their isolation. Compel them to join you in your gayety, your sociability, and you take lonely men and women from the streets and the vicious dance halls, and all places of questionable character and you give them a new hope in life, a new ideal of humanness.

THE SOCIAL CLUB

To my mind in every community there should be a social club to which every self-respecting man or woman in that community has access for a nominal club fee, to maintain the expense of such an institution as well as to uphold the respect of its members, and take from it or them all savor of charity. This social club should elect its club officers to preside and conduct its affairs, and it should cater to the social tastes of its members. It should conduct weekly dances and card parties and games and socials of every description that would be enjoyed by young and old alike, and primarily make for the social communion of all its members. Such a thing as a lonely man or woman who has to resort to questionable methods to make acquaintances, would be unknown, if social clubs like these, keenly alive to their mission and wholly sympathetic with their

cause and reason for being, were adopted in every community. But should this club savor of charity in any of its aspects, it will at once fail of its mission. Should it have an avowed purpose to uplift the downtrodden, it will be empty of sinners and die a solitary death. No self-respecting man or woman enjoys being uplifted, or patronized, or pitied, or given charity. These social clubs must take on the aspect of neighborhood clubs, with but one mission—that of social good fellowship for all, good, wholesome fun and no stinting of it, good times, and no restriction of any kind that self-respecting people do not instinctively recognize and just as instinctively follow without rules and laws. The admission fee should be small, just large enough for the club's maintenance according to the capacity of its members, and should cater to the rich and poor alike, for loneliness knows no money nor creed distinctions.

With these neighborhood social clubs no man or woman could justly complain of a lack of social opportunities. Each would have his or her chance to meet congenial people, and then, and only then, would they be justly criticized if they chose to make pick-up acquaintances on the street. The vicious only would resort to such questionable methods.

CHAPTER XVI

OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS

THERE are many old maids in the world who can justify their reason for spinsterhood. They have vocations and avocations; their lives are apparently filled with a plenitude of work and an abundance of pleasure. They feel their usefulness in the world, and what is more, they make their usefulness felt. Many an old maid who directs all the forces of her nature into some career or calling to which she careers or calls herself, to make her life useful, has more motherly affection and tenderness than the mere breeder of children, and more love and passion than many a married woman. But the mere fact that this is so brings us back to first principles again. The true woman, whether fate or fancy has caused her to sidestep her destiny, which is primarily the fulfillment of her womanly nature, needs to become a wife and mother. And the greatest philanthropist in the world, the greatest benefactor to society and the individual, is the man who would provide, not work for the single woman,

nor open to her legislation and avenues for a career, but the universal supplier of good husbands!

This is an undeniable fact and should be admitted without shame, doubt, fear or hesitancy. An evil concealed can never be corrected. It is time that this greatest of all social evils, this universal drawback to general happiness were admitted and attention given to its correction. Our philanthropies and social betterment works spread out in all directions, often depositing themselves in wholly useless channels for the mere sake of novelty than for any other reason. For be it known that the constant and ever-growing need for new sensations in this age has even spread itself to social work, so that charities delight in favoring new, rather than essential needs. A man will leave his money to a university to found a chair for the development of the weasel's brain, rather than to feed and educate a poor orphan, simply because the first is his own new idea of some need in the world, and the latter has always been attended to by the charitably inclined with more or less frequency.

But no one ever thinks of old maids as requiring help or sympathy, or in the light of anything but a caricature or joke for the funny journals. It is taken for granted that an old maid is a comic institution, which, since society must suffer, it may at least divert itself with. And more recently old

maids, or to give them their modern term, bachelor girls, are considered, not so much in the spirit of fun as of annoyance, because instead of effacing themselves, as heretofore, they are projecting themselves into every field of endeavor. Instead of a retiring modesty in their single blessedness, they are boldly avowing their preference for singleness, and hailing its blessedness since it gives them so many opportunities for field work that is denied the married or home woman.

The only difference between the old maid and the bachelor girl is that the latter has shed the cork-screw curls and the tight basque, and the companionship of the inevitable cat and parrot. But she is just as fussy and finicky in her habits, just as narrow in her outlook, just as limited in her knowledge of life and its purpose; for the solitary living, the lack of normal companionship in the one, produces the same results as in the other. To live alone, without human love, is to dry up the love nature and to live a selfish and unnatural life which manifests itself in narrow views and unnatural habits.

But old maids or bachelor girls, they are essentially alike in the essentials of womanhood. One has developed more courage than the other, merely because the strenuous times have called for it, because new opportunities are constantly being opened

to women, because their recognized growing intelligence has rendered them more capable to take care of themselves, and therefore outwardly more independent of man. But satisfying an outward need does not fill an inward want. The heart needs affection even more than the body needs clothes. Because a bachelor girl has learned to support herself financially, does it make her one iota less dependent spiritually? A woman, no matter what her outside conditions, will always require a man, because by nature he is the complement of herself, the other half that makes her being complete. Every spinster knows this and it is only a sublime courage and a divine resignation of self that makes her submit to a single life when fate seems to be opposed to her fulfillment of self.

REASONS FOR OLD MAIDS

There are many reasons for the existence of old maids, the chief and most rational being the preference of celibacy against marriage without love. Again many a woman's lover having died, or deceived her, she devotes herself to his memory and can never revive her hopes or affection in another. Or perhaps her devotion to a family dependent on her has lost her the social opportunities to meet and love the right man. And these are all noble reasons and rational excuses for celibacy, and they prove

the strength of character and fineness of women. A similar devotion to duty and principle, involving a similar self-denial and self-sacrifice, would be very difficult to find in a man.

I shall not name the few unsexed old maids who are man-haters and remain single for no other reason, for these women are abnormal, and we are only dealing with natural men and women. But with even the undeniably noble and rational excuses, or rather reasons of the other class of old maids for their spinsterhood. I have almost as little patience. A woman, as an individual of mind and body and soul and character, has a life to lead, and she has every right and every duty to make the best of that life. She has no right to starve her heart and soul for the gratification of others as in the case of the old maid who is a slave to her family. Thousands of school-teachers are in this class; they support in idleness mothers, sisters and brothers, conceiving it a duty to sacrifice themselves for family ties when neither nature nor society exact such a duty. It is an obligation only to care for the old and infirm who are dependent on us, but even their dependence should never make a sacrifice of our own lives, for we owe ourselves as much of a duty as we owe our most precious and intimate others. But I am convinced that it is more poor management and the habit of getting into a rut that

drifts so many women into spinsterhood, when merely a little energy in the right direction would bring the much happier result of a husband into the household, that would not only obliterate the term "old maid," but would help to shoulder her burdens, which is the desire and function of every good man.

As for the woman who sacrifices her life to a dead lover, she is committing a sin against herself and society. She should consecrate her life to life, as long as she is of life, and not to death. Social suicide is no better than moral or physical suicide. I conceive it to be just as much a sin to exclude one's spirit from the social duties which better and fulfill society, as to exclude one's body. A woman who buries herself with the past, whether it is a tender or revengeful one, who consecrates her life to memories, instead of contributing her usefulness to the present and future of which she is a living part, is sinning against herself and society. The past is dead; the present is to be constantly met with and lived to our fullest capacity, and the future is full of promise. That is the only attitude for a human being to take who wishes to give to life what he takes from it. A woman has no more right, according to modern thought, to bury her spirit and usefulness with a dead lover than to bury her live body with his. Life must live with

life to be healthy. It is frightfully morbid to associate any form of life with death.

So the woman who buries her heart with a dead love is a morbid instead of a noble woman. It is nonsense for a woman to say her heart is in the grave, especially when, as in the case of spinsterhood, her love has never been realized. Such a premise might be granted the widow who had fulfilled her womanhood, and whose heart and desires might naturally have died with her husband, and whose affections were realized in her children. But the old maid can and would love again if fate and fortune gave her the chance. Her first love, which has never been realized, is at best only something of the mind, that has been nourished in her thoughts. As "blessings brighten as they take their flight," so the lover who is gone and lives only in a woman's memory becomes more perfect and precious with the passing years. The fertile and constant mind which nourishes his memory makes a giant of a pigmy. He fills every crevice of the spinster's heart, because her imagination constantly develops him. She lives in dreams and closes her mind to realities.

MORE WOMEN THAN MEN

It is the common contention that there are more women in the world than there are men, hence there

must of necessity be old maids. Although it is useless to deny that the females of the species are generated in larger numbers than the males, and that the harem system of living is noticeable in nearly every form of animal and vegetable life, yet in civilized lands there could be far more monogamy and happy marriage than now obtains, if more judgment and common sense were developed. For instance, in England there are thousands of single women, because so many men go to wars or to the colonies to make their fortunes. These women stay in the places they were left in by the men, and take root and vegetate, and show no more intelligence in transplanting themselves to more fertile soil than though they possessed as little reasoning power as the potato, when, as a matter of fact, there is no woman more keenly alive and advanced in thought than the modern educated English woman. There are scores of intelligent English spinsters who are literally and metaphorically out of a job, because the supply of men is not equal to the demand sufficient for home consumption.

We are not concerned with the superabundance of the female over the male in the Fiji Islands, or darkest Africa, or in any savage country where the inhabitants have solved their own problems, often with greater peace and satisfaction than we can ever hope to do; nor can we turn back to these and

acknowledge that where woman is still in the state of subjection she seems to be the happiest and most contented. We must derive whatever satisfaction we can from the thought that our women are hundreds of years in advance of the merely happy woman, and can seek their own salvation in the realms of advanced thought. But think as we will, and force our thoughts as we may into whatever shapes demanded by modern mental gymnastics, we cannot get very far away from nature and first principles in the matter of life and living. The women of civilized countries, or rather of Anglo-Saxon civilization do not subscribe to the harem form of living, but in their heart of hearts they believe it far more moral and natural than enforced celibacy. And yet they do nothing or very little to bring about a change in their condition; or is it true, as so many philosophers assert, that women lack energy, force, initiative, individuality and courage to bring about any necessary reform? I am inclined to think it is merely a fear that any activity in this direction would reflect on woman's modesty, since our social standards do not permit a woman to select a mate. Yet isn't this a false modesty nurtured by false social ideals, which woman should have the courage to oppose and crush out of existence if her individuality is to be acknowledged and accepted?

WOMAN'S PREËMINENT PLACE

Every old maid should be dug out of her hiding place and every bachelor girl chased from the world's battlefield, each to take her natural place as a home maker. A woman is first and foremost the spirit of the home. After centuries of slavery she cannot rush out into the world, give a man a thousand years' handicap and beat him at his own game. There is nothing a man cannot do better than a woman, even to cooking and housework. The best cooks in the world are men, just as they are the best, most systematic, most scientific housekeepers. A man's mind has been trained for generations, and he uses his brains and his inventive power in every field of endeavor, where a woman can only use her sympathy and her intuition and a mind that needs hundreds of years more of training and of logical thinking before it can compete with man. Here and there are wonderful examples of women who, in spite of their drawbacks, have forged ahead until they are shoulder to shoulder with men of a thousand more opportunities, which only proves what the so-called weaker sex will accomplish when it has been given half a chance. But there is one thing which a woman is by nature, which no amount of training or lack of it can give or take away from her. She is supreme as the home maker; not the

household drudge, but the inspiration of the home, the light of it, the guiding spirit. A home without a woman in it is like a world without sun. She is the genial warmth of it, and radiates her inspiring glow upon all who enter its doors. Her touch, her mere presence makes home out of hut, cottage or mansion, and man's inventive genius has yet to find a device which in any sense can take the place of woman's personality in the home.

And she is supreme as the mother of the world; hence she will always be the ruler of it, and that is the chief reason that the highest education cannot be too high for her nor the broadest and finest culture beyond her conception. She is the ruler of the world and must be a wise and just ruler, and train her subjects in the way they should go. The mother of the home creates the atmosphere of that home and the tempers of all who live in it and go out of it. A refined and cultured mother has refined and cultured children, and a husband to whom, if she isn't his inspiration, is at least his restraining influence. A man who denies a woman the broadest culture, the widest knowledge of men and affairs, is narrowing his own home, defeating his own purpose, depriving his own children of their proper training.

Whenever a man tries to retard the mental or spiritual advancement and independent thought of

woman, he is damning himself and his children. When he declares superciliously that woman had better not venture beyond the knowledge of cooking and housekeeping, he brings upon himself the piteous spectacle of making his wife the laughing stock of his children. Can anything be more deplorable than the contemptuous manner in which some of our younger generation treat their mothers for the only reason that these mothers were deprived the education and power of instruction which they should have to create respect in the home? And can anything be more delightful and truly inspiring than children gathering around their mothers as their beacon light, their fount of wisdom, to be instructed mentally and spiritually in the way they should go? Mother's teaching is never forgotten. It colors and influences a man's whole after life as nothing else has the power to do.

WHY COLLEGE WOMEN MARRY LATE

In this, then, a woman realizes her greatest usefulness—as mother and home maker; and just as man is ready to grant her these supreme services to humanity over anything that he can do with all his superior intelligence and genius, so he must be willing to grant her the broadest culture for the perfection of these functions. An educated woman is a better mother than an ignorant one, and a more

graceful and gracious home maker. She is more useful to herself, her home and society by learning, constant learning.

But heaven help her when she is educated beyond her intelligence. Learning can be abused just as easily as used, and it is clearly an abuse of learning when it teaches a woman, as so many claim, that marriage hampers her freedom, that to marry late in life, if at all, is the mission of developed brains, and that celibacy is not a thing to be feared, but rather courted, as a challenge of courage, independence and the ascendancy of the spirit over the flesh. The fact that so many college women marry late in life, if at all, is the mission of developed brains, to evade marriage, but that they are seeking their ideal in marriage, and their ideals, sensitized by their higher learning and deeper thought, must, of necessity, be finer, more idyllic, more exalted than those of a lesser culture, and consequently more difficult of being realized.

Yet education fails of its mark if it does not develop a humanness that realizes the limits of humanness. The real woman ready to be mated, can make her ideals fit the man, not wait for a man to fit her ideals. If common sense were more common, especially among women, there would be a very much larger percentage of happy women. If women were more ready to love men, and not

what they think men ought to be, there would also be a lesser percentage of spinsters.

WOMEN SHOULD MIGRATE

Men are nomads and women, by nature, stickers, who stick to one place no matter how little that place has done for them. If a man cannot make a living in one hemisphere, he promptly packs his grip and migrates to another. If a woman cannot secure a husband in one city, it never occurs to her to go to another in search of one; and that is just what she should do to improve herself. In fact, it is the only solution to the problem of spinsterhood.

There are thousands of bachelors and widowers in remote parts of the world where they have gone to seek their fortunes, who long for the companionship of women, who crave the home life that is denied them without marriage, and who hail the sight of a woman with such rejoicing and thanksgiving that the woman has the comfortable feeling that here at last she is appreciated as she never has been at home. A dozen men reach out for her and fight for her, and the one who finally succeeds in capturing her heart and bearing her to his home is looked upon as the luckiest man in camp. Why do not the multitudes of women leading a purposeless life, and eating their hearts out in loneliness, seek out these men who long for them, who would

honor them and make them happy in marriage? It would only be another case of Mohammed and the mountain. Since these men cannot leave their means of livelihood to seek wives, surely these women who have nothing to lose except a little false pride, and everything to gain, may venture from their lonely grooves to seek their destiny.

To my mind every woman who has not been sought should go out and seek, not sit at home bemoaning her sad fate. Nothing but death comes to him who waits. A patient waiter is a steady loser if it is a female, for "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and a sick heart does not make pink cheeks and bright eyes, nor add to the attractiveness which every woman should cultivate for her own sake, as well as for her great purpose.

BACHELORS

What is there to be said for bachelors, but that they are the essence of selfishness? Their singleness does not mean to them what spinsterhood means to women. Their evading of marriage ties can only mean an evading of marriage duties and responsibilities. By no possible chance is a man a bachelor because he hasn't been chosen by a woman, for his is the aggressive nature—his the privilege of choosing, and no man was ever so unattractive that some woman hasn't been ready to accept him—

let us hope for his particular appeal to her nature, and not for the meal ticket that he represented. Nor is a man so devoted to the memory of a lost love, or to bitterness because he has been deceived, that these could be taken as a rational excuse for his bachelorhood.

THE OPPOSITE REASON

A man is a bachelor for just about the opposite reasons that a woman is an old maid. She has loved too little, he has probably loved too much. She has not been courted enough, he has been courted too much. While hers has been a dearth of love and attention, his has been, as a rule, a surfeit, so that marriage does not hold out to him the mystery and fascination it does to her. As for marrying for a home, the thought never occurs to him, for he knows he is just as comfortable at his club or lodgings especially designed for bachelors, as he could ever hope to be in his own home, with none of the cares and responsibilities of marriage. An old maid has none of the solacing joys of club life to take the place of home. There are no provisions made for her to be comfortable and happy in the single state, whereas everything is done for the bachelor, so that when he arrives beyond the romantic age of folly and of falling in love, he simply retires to his comfortable bachelor quarters;

and marriage, which presents no added joys or comforts, or substantial reasons to change his mode of living, becomes more remote as the years go by.

Yet although everything is done for him by modern bachelor apartments, by servants, and, yes, by sweethearts, to make him happy, to make him forget that any other life is called for or necessary, he is just as much to be pitied as the old maid, for his life is just as incomplete and perhaps more so, for a man is not as resourceful as a woman. The old bachelor is just as narrow in his views, just as fussy and finicky in his ways as the most rabid old maid could be. It is only the fullness of family life that rounds out a nature. It is the giving of self, the continual little sacrifices, the thinking of and caring for others, that makes the joy of life, and this is only possible when there are loved ones to think of and care for. A life without responsibility is as empty as a drum; existence without blood ties is utterly purposeless. A man may accumulate fame and money, but of what avail are these when there is no one at home to bring them to, to leave them to, when, in fact, there is no home at all, but a poor apology for one, for home is not a collection of furniture but of loving hearts; and one of the things a man cannot buy with his money is a loving heart to beat in sympathetic harmony with his. Such a heart must be

married to him, must go with him through the summers and winters of life, and bear him offspring really to share his interests.

THE GAY BACHELOR

The gay bachelor has hosts of friends and a gay time as long as his prosperity lasts, but what of him when his money gives out, when he becomes old, and sick and crotchety? Who is going to care what becomes of him, to nurse him with tender love and solicitude, to shield him from worries, to cover his bad nature, to look after his interests; in short to bear with him, because all that he is or represents, she is also, but a wife? What joy is there in his empty life that has no children growing up around him, to revive his interests in life, to keep him young, to carry on his business that he has worked up all his life, to perpetuate his name and fame?

THE RESULT OF DEFERRED MARRIAGE

If a man defers marriage until late in life, through lack of initiative, or because of business pressure, or for the thousand and one lame reasons that bachelors advance for their single state, he does so at a great risk to himself. If he marries a woman of his own age, which he rarely does, but which he should do, if he wants real love and companion-

ship, he must give up the joy of having children. And if he marries a young girl, he cannot hope for either love or companionship, for "crabbed age and youth cannot live together," certainly not with love and harmony. Notwithstanding all he may say or think to the contrary, she is marrying him solely for his money. When a man is

". . . fifty winters old
Blood then stagnates and grows cold."

So it is safe to say the full joys of marriage are not open to him after he is fifty. Hence, bachelorhood has no compensations to make up for its losses, and the pity of it is a man doesn't realize this fact until it is too late. For the selfishness of youth he reaps loneliness and isolation in old age.

CHAPTER XVII

DIVORCE

“Or if thy vows be past, and Hymen’s bands
Have ceremonied your unequal hands
Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act.”

A NECESSARY EVIL

THERE are two factions warring against divorce: one that contends it should be made easier for those who require it, the other that it should be made more difficult; but both agree that although it is an evil, it is a necessary one.

We like to think that marriages are made in Heaven, and that those whom God hath joined together, no man shall put asunder, but we are all very certain that those who seek the divorce courts are quite convinced there is nothing divine in their union. They have struggled on to the very limit of human endurance; then they grasp at divorce as they would the surgeon’s knife and submit to the very painful operation of severing their matrimonial ties, in the interest of future health, mental and physical. The people who are unhappily married, become mental and physical wrecks, and their

whole lives are embittered by the legal obligations which force them to live together without a human interest in common, and with every human cause for living apart.

There are thousands of reasons, sane and otherwise, why married people cease to love one another and drift apart in a year or many years of married life. Although a man and woman take each other for better, for worse, till death does them part, each has very little patience with the "worse," if that is what they happen to encounter, and both agree that living together under conditions that are constantly and persistently "worse," is a living death, which of itself should part them.

DIVORCE SHOULD BE MADE EASIER

Many people believe divorce should be made easier; and far from causing a rush on the divorce courts, it is more than likely, by all human precedent, to have the opposite effect. If married people knew they could easily be divorced when either failed in duty and consideration to the other, it stands to reason each would be more cautious and gentle toward the other, on the same principle that engaged people are so much more courteous and loving than when they are married, knowing that when each is still more or less free to escape, it is no time to take risks with disagreeable conduct.

There are perhaps a few flighty people who would take advantage of an easier divorce; those who would marry without serious consideration, knowing they could easily be freed, and those already married who would not consider their duty toward their vows, if they could rush to the divorce courts and have such vows broken. But these people aren't deserving of serious consideration anyway. The majority of dutiful people should not be made to suffer under laws made for the flighty ones, as in the case of our present divorce laws.

Our chivalrous American nation prides itself on its laws that protect women at every turn and always give her the benefit of the doubt. But is this really so, I wonder? A woman seeking a divorce, for instance, is put to every difficulty, every humiliation, every expense, all these unnecessary and uncalled for, in her effort to free herself from marriage ties that have not only grown obnoxious, but are treason to her womanhood and self-respect, her health and welfare. It is taken for granted that a woman seeking a divorce is queer, shady, not quite respectable, and she must submit to questioning and cross questioning, to hideous publicity, to the gibes and jeers and curiosity of mobs who see her tortured with the keen relish supposed to have been enjoyed by ancient Romans over the Christian martyrs. And for a sensitive woman to be obliged

publicly to expose all the innermost secrets of her married life, to tell the torture and humiliation she must have undergone to be eligible to secure a divorce, is surely more terrible than any physical torture imaginable. Yet a court and a crowd look on unmoved, and listen to the cold, deliberate weighing of advantages and disadvantages of the lawyers on either side; and the cleverest lawyer, or rather the cleverest trickster of the law, usually wins his case. It isn't a consideration of human hearts but a juggle of legal phraseology by the expert divorce lawyer whose life is spent in his practice, that secures the victory.

THE WOMAN PAYS THE PENALTY

Every reasoning man knows that a home and husband and family ties are a woman's dearest possessions, and the divorce that deprives her of all these, is her last resort. As a rule she endures to the very human limit mental and physical torture and degradation before seeking to free herself. What of the woman whose drunken husband comes home to her night after night, and beats and abuses her; and of the woman who is deliberately blind to her husband's flirtations with other women; and of the wife who endures lack of attention, bad habits, bad temper, desertion, non-support, and all manner of heart-breaking brutality from her hus-

band? It is only when she is on the point of a physical or mental breakdown, that she has recourse to the law; and then is heaped upon her insult on injury. She must be put on the rack of publicity, tell to a curious, gaping and heartless crowd all the secrets that she has so long and so bravely kept. And there is always somebody to believe she is wrong, for no other reason than that she is a woman, for always the woman is to blame, and must endure the censure of the public whenever publicity is attracted to her. Usually there is somebody to prove she is wrong, for witnesses can be bought, and the balance of power is always on the money side. But if at last she does secure her freedom, she must usually wait six months before it is absolute. And then, and ever after, being a divorced woman, a stigma attaches to her name, and she is adjudged guilty by society, for no other reason than that she has been unfortunate. A divorced woman has run the entire gamut of human suffering, and yet society for some reason or other, seems to think she is a humorous spectacle, one to be taken lightly, rather than seriously, and laughed at rather than pitied.

THE PUBLIC SHOULD BE EXCLUDED FROM DIVORCE COURTS

It seems to me that the public should be excluded from every divorce case, whether the persons in-

volved are rich or poor. It seems to me that no one is benefited and everyone is injured and humiliated by the public airing of private domestic troubles, many of which must bring the blush of shame to decent men and women, and are corrupters of public morals. There are stories heard in divorce courts that wrack the hearts of the husband or wife seeking freedom, and cause the listeners to squirm in their seats; stories that make the world look dark and ugly, and men and women utterly vile, stories that would not be allowed by the protectors of public morals to be printed in book or newspapers. Why then cannot divorce cases have a private hearing, just between the court and the complainants, straight from the wounded heart to the doctor, without the use of middle men in the shape of lawyers and witnesses that can be bought and sold?

A MAN'S WORLD

There are men in the divorce courts who are just as much to be pitied as women, for they seek to be freed from wives who are scolds or slovenly or neglectful of their homes and children, or are untrue to their marriage vows. These men are to be pitied, but on second thought, not so much as the women, since this is and has been more or less a man's world, with laws made by men for the benefit of men. The judge who hears the case is a man,

subject to the same frailties as the plaintiff, and understanding them, he is lenient. Sympathy is all on the man's side; the woman is denounced by her sister women in court even more than by the men; and when he secures his divorce, he does not leave the court room under a ban, but is adjudged legally free and morally stainless, and all the young girls are ready to set their caps for him. The fact that a man's first marriage has proven unsuccessful, whether through his fault or not, does not make him less desirable in a woman's eyes.

BAD WOMEN AND BAD MEN

There are many bad women, just as there are bad men, but only *as* there are bad men. I am reminded of a conversation I overheard in a social settlement house by two settlement workers, a man and a woman.

Said he: "It's getting to be terrible about these bad women. They're scattered all over the city. There ought to be a law compelling them all to live in a certain district."

Said she: "I would heartily endorse that law, too, if it should compel all bad men to live in a certain district."

Then they both laughed rather helplessly.

"I'm afraid there is no certain district large enough," he agreed.

And so it is. The so-called bad women, thieves of respectability, must concentrate in a certain marked district of the city, but the bad men may go scot-free. Is there anything ethical in such a legal arrangement, or should such bad ethics be permitted to be legalized?

A bad woman—a bad wife is her own worst enemy. Directly she does those things that eject her from her husband's home and protection, she becomes a social outcast, and must bear from the world at large, all the brunt of her acts. The bad husband has nothing to bear from society but pity, and some female is always ready to weep sympathetic tears on his breast because he was "not understood at home."

Many people do not approve of divorce, will not hear of it, or sanction it, even though they believe in it. They cannot help but believe that a legal separation is the only logical escape from the purgatory of a dislocated marriage, that it isn't reasonable nor human to expect two people who loathe each other, to spend their lives together, because they made the mistake of getting married: they must believe that each human being has the right to life and a pursuit of happiness; that no law, human or divine, should be heeded that enslaves two beings for a mistake, and compels them forever to forego a new life of freedom and congenial

marriage. And to this end they believe in divorce, but disapprove for religious reasons, that are founded on the common fallacy that marriages are made in Heaven and must not be severed on earth. But plainly the marriages that are made in Heaven, do not seek divorce, and those that require divorce are not made in Heaven.

WHEN DIVORCE IS A GODSEND

Anyway, divorce is a godsend to those who need it, and that there are those in great numbers, one need only to saunter into a divorce court on any busy day, to be convinced. And these unfortunates are not the only ones who need divorce. There are thousands of unhappy souls who endure the martyrdom of living together, when for every moral, ethical and legal reason they should be separated, rather than submit to the difficulty and publicity of the divorce courts.

There is one reason, however, that should and must compel all decent minded people to pause on the threshold of the divorce court, and perhaps never enter it, if there is a human chance to avoid it,—when their own rights cease to exist, and their regard for their own happiness and future must receive secondary consideration; when another factor—in fact the prime factor—has entered and demands to be heard. That prime factor is the

child, the result of the marriage, which however unhappy it may be, must be the chief consideration in it. The innocent child who was called into the world at the pleasure of its parents, and had no will but to come, has a supreme right to the protection of those parents, to a clean home, an honorable name, a good bringing up and the love and instruction and moral leadership of both parents. This duty to the child can scarcely be accomplished when its father and mother are divorced and living apart, when the child must be a partisan of either the father or mother, and never realize the joys of a happy family life. But neither is this duty to children realized when the home is made a hotbed of strife, when instead of love and softness and gentility between its parents, it sees nothing but quarreling, and harshness and brutality; when instead of loving names, it hears curses, and blows instead of kisses. It is a question if such a home, even though kept intact with all the members of the family in it, isn't a far more immoral and injurious influence upon a child than a disrupted home.

It seems to me that a child is far better off not knowing his father, than knowing him to be drunken, immoral or otherwise brutal; and he is better off weaving dreams about a beautiful mother whom he has never seen, than to know and be brought up by a

mother who is unworthy of him. In these circumstances people who are compelled by their own unhappiness to seek a divorce, are benefiting their children rather than injuring them. As a rule when home isn't what it should be to both parents, it is just as much of a disturbing influence to the child. But children should make parents pause and consider, and endure much for their sake. Marriage, as Nature intended, is primarily for the propagation of species, and in all animate life, the parents' reason for being is to care for their young, to give their own lives, if need be, for their offspring. In the human family, barring exceptional cases, this law is observed, subconsciously, to the limit. Mother and father instinctively sacrifice themselves for the child's welfare. But man, having reasoning power, should reason out his acts, instead of complying to instinct as do the lower animals. His sense of fair play will cause him to control himself, to check his excesses, to provide for his home and family, in order to give his child a fair start in life, and the moral as well as physical support of both parents. And so argues the mother. For her child's sake, to keep him with her, or to keep his father with him in some kind of family life, she is a good wife against all odds, and endures her ill-mated husband just as he endures his ill-mated wife, for the child's sake.

THE DUTY TO CHILDREN

But there comes a limit to human endurance, and then reason, and not instinct must have full sway. The duties of parenthood do not necessarily include the eternal damnation of the parents. For the sake of a child who is in no way bettered by an unhappy home, a man and woman should not be compelled to endure each other always, to abide through a lifetime by a mistake that had best be rectified and the sooner the better, for the good of all concerned. The woman may have a chance of happiness with another man; the man have chosen another woman who is entirely congenial. Then the child should be supported by the father and kept by the mother through his early childhood, each seeing him whenever so disposed. It seems to me that the child is infinitely better off to see both parents happily separated, than miserably mated.

VOWS THAT HAVE GROWN IMMORAL

Let divorce be made easy, then, for those who need it, need it badly, and those who don't need it, but would seek it because it was easy, need it just as badly. Who shall say to two adults with reasoning power that they must live together because they took vows which they must preserve inviolate, when such vows have entirely lost all meaning to them;

when their living together without love, without a common interest is far more immoral than the breaking of a million vows; when life together is a constant struggle for freedom and death would seem a happy release? What man-made laws should keep such people together?

And let divorce be given freely, without publicity, for the common crowd that has no interest beyond its gaping curiosity in private trouble, has no right or business to pass on it; and the humiliation of this publicity is unendurable to the already sorrowing plaintiffs, to whom the airing of their private troubles is akin to parading the public streets without clothes on. Furthermore, let divorce be without expense, so that sufferers without money may procure their freedom along with the rich, and not be obliged to endure their martyrdom for no other reason than that they haven't the price to engage expensive lawyers to concoct more ingenious stories than the other side has been enabled to prepare. Let those who for their own reason desire to be free, be released immediately from their obnoxious obligations. Their own reasons are surely the best of all reasons, and not to be questioned, since no third person who has not lived with either the tortured man or woman can fairly judge; when he can only rely on a bit of evidence here and there from a witness who may be false or true or mis-

taken, and in any case cannot know the intimate life and intimate troubles of the two involved, since the greatest aggravations and causes for divorce in married life are almost never witnessed by a third person. A shoe may look very fine on a person's foot, but only the wearer knows how it feels. Only a wife knows her husband, and only a husband knows his wife. If one or the other is disposed to be unfair, to be untruthful, in order to gain a point, let the court with its wealth of experience judge between them; but in no case to deny one or the other a divorce. The very fact that one will lie about the other is only an added reason to give them both their legal freedom. And let both leave the court room, absolutely free, without shame, humiliation, publicity or stigma. Let each be free to begin life anew and profit, instead of being made to suffer a lifetime for a previous mistake.

It should be as easy and as cheap for two people to get a divorce as it is for them to get a marriage certificate. Both are exclusively the private concern of the applicants and no one else. When they ask to be either married or divorced, they do so because that is their essential need. They know as no one else does, and if they are free human beings within the rights of their heritage to pursue life and happiness to their best knowledge and understanding, so long as it does not interfere with the

pursuit of life and happiness of a third person, why shall not either marriage or divorce be granted directly upon the request of the applicants for either the one or the other as they consider it necessary for their happiness?

There is, of course, this to be remembered. When they both go to procure the marriage certificate, they are both agreed, both in perfect accord. When they apply for the divorce they are usually anything but in perfect accord. One usually tries to get the better of the other, to put the blame of the discord on the other in order to get the decree so that the other may be adjudged the guilty party and always afterwards bear the brunt of having been divorced by the other. Then, of course, the matter of alimony enters in. So many elements go to make up the divorce that cannot be agreed upon by the petitioners of the divorce, that naturally a third person must be called upon to hear the case and judge between them. In the matter of the marriage these two who are most concerned do not need the help or advice of a third person. If these two could agree upon the terms of the divorce just as they do upon the terms of the marriage, these long painful costly lawsuits would be avoided. But just as soon as they agree upon the divorce this agreement is called collusion, and if this is proved neither one nor the other can obtain the divorce.

What an absurdity is this! Why shouldn't they agree upon the divorce? Isn't that their own personal affair, and if they are determined to get the divorce isn't it better for them to agree and quietly adjust their differences between themselves than to wrangle in court rooms and pile malediction upon each other through unscrupulous lawyers whose only interest in the case is the size of their fee?

One might contend that if divorce were too free and easy each marriage would be a trial marriage and nothing more. But isn't that all that it is now? People who are decent and fine and self-respecting aren't rendered the less so nor the more so by marriage. Such people who undertake an obligation to one another are only too eager to fulfill it. To the flighty and irresponsible marriage is no restraint in any case. But does marriage fulfill its object by being only a restraint on the irresponsible? To my way of thinking marriage fulfills its purpose only by being the civic stamp of approval when two loving hearts take each other for mutual love and comfort to live together. And divorce is the same kind of civic understanding when these people, who for one or a thousand reasons sufficient unto themselves, find that they no longer love and cannot live together. Again it might be urged that persons who found a quick and easy relief in the divorce courts would hasten there on every trivial pretense and seek

a dissolution of the holy marriage tie. But persons who are thus inclined, surely do not regard their marriage as holy nor have they a responsible attitude toward any of the serious problems of life. Must marriage and divorce laws be made only for the irresponsible and the dishonorable?

What an absurdity are the divorce laws in this country, for instance, when in nearly each state the causes for which people can be divorced are different, when the one cause should be sufficient for any court anywhere, the cause that two people cannot live together in love, peace and happiness and that their desperate desire to be free as shown by their application for the divorce, is in accord with the highest ideal of morals since they seek to be freed from loveless cohabitation. Can there be a better or more moral reason for free and easy divorce than an enforced, loveless union that is as degrading to the state as it is to the unhappy participants? Who is there so competent to judge whether a hapless couple needs a divorce as that same hapless couple applying for it? And why put them to the pains and expense of the various legal trickery and subterfuge which society and the courts demand before they can be set free from one another and their own unhappy mistake? Why must men and women in their need to be free from one another rush to Reno or to Paris or to Yucatan or to any

of the advertised places in the world where divorce may be obtained without too much trouble, when it should be granted freely and without painful publicity in every town hall or city hall in the same way that the marriage license is issued. One is the illusion, the other is the disillusion, one the beginning of happiness, the other the end, but in any case the exclusive private business only of the two people concerned.

It is conceivable there would be at least a dozen marriages to one now, if divorce were made free and easy and without publicity. No one would be afraid to marry if they thought they could get out as easily as they got in, and the thought that they could get out easily would cause them to expend every effort to stay in, for such is human nature. It is only prohibition that causes license.

FREE AND EASY DIVORCE WILL MAKE RARELY SOUGHT DIVORCE

A free and easy divorce will make a rarely sought divorce, merely on the true if comic principle that nobody wants what is free and easy. And it will make for more and happier marriages; more, because both the serious and the frivolous will look upon marriage, not for better, for worse, which they now fear and avoid, but as a condition distinctly for the better, for if the "worse" comes, relief and

release are at hand. And the "worse," under the new conditions would not be looked for, and would therefore never come. Thus we should secure the happy homes not by fear and the chains and barred windows, but by love and the wide open door. Married people can only be happy by being prisoners of love, not of fear. An easy divorce is something of a solution toward this end.

There's no gainsaying that divorce is ugly and shocking and tragic. But so are there things ugly and shocking and tragic, that seem inevitably tagged on to every human life. The cause for divorce is almost like the cause for disease. Some natures are so afflicted, and must suffer the consequences of the surgeon's knife. The surgeon's knife is a hideous and tortuous but necessary thing. So is divorce. But who shall say that both are not to be made as painless as possible for the unfortunate victim?

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," says the church. Those whom Love has joined together no man *can* put asunder. It is only when they are joined together by hate and dissension that divorce is not only advisable but necessary.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PERFECT AGE—WHAT ARE WE STRIVING FOR?

WHAT are we striving for? What is the meaning of all this seething unrest? What does this strife, this suffering, this self-denial and general curtailment of life portend for the future? Is it to make a better race and a better chance of life for that race?

All the events of life and nature go in cycles, but seldom has there been an age more selfish, more cruel, more grasping, more pretentious, and with a greater let down in all the fine ideals of living. Is this a preparation for a better life to come, or does it mean annihilation altogether? Everybody seems to be resigned in any event for the slogan of the age is "I don't care."

The churches are losing their grip. While they are wasting their time and their substance in dead issues the live ones escape them. Thousands of live human beings within their jurisdiction are denied the practical comfort of human fellowship which the church ought to make it its supreme business to extend. It doesn't matter at

all to us in our cramped necessity of trying to live whether the whale swallowed Jonah or Jonah swallowed the whale. To wrangle over this or that interpretation of the Bible isn't to my way of thinking the duty or necessity of any church half so much as to wrestle with life as they find it and to offer the practical assistance that common sense and sympathy direct wherever and whenever a human being needs it. And not only to sit around in white collared, smug, warm comfort waiting for the needy to come to the church but to go out into the world and seek the opportunity to help. The church, to justify its being, owes a great duty not only to the hungry of the stomach, but to the heart hungry. To satisfy this heart hunger is their great spiritual opportunity. That means to foster love and fellowship.

CRUELTY, PRETENSE, ECONOMIC WARS

In the World War men slew each other for an ideal. Now, a few years later, they slay each other for commercial supremacy. And in the bitter fight to get to the top nobody seems to achieve a victory that is satisfying or that makes for better living. Nobody seems to be happy or contented. Everybody is rushing around in a perfect fever of madness and unrest. The war, as usual, slew the best and left the worst to gather in the spoils. A very

comedy of terrors reigns in every land. In this social revolution the genteel and cultured go about hungry and shabbily clad while the cooks and the longshoremen wear the diamonds and the silk shirts.

Those persons accustomed to pretense and bluff still live in magnificent hotels and secretly dine out in the cafeterias. And those whom they are trying to impress, do the same things to impress them. The truly genteel are withered by the scorn of clerks and waiters and flunkies who fawn and lick the hands of the war profiteers and the rich, no matter how coarse and vulgar they may be so that they can pay.

And so day by day the lies, the pretense, the cruelty, the deceit, the inhumanity to man, goes on as each man's hand is raised against his brother for gain and aggression, nothing more. The dreadful economic wars continue without end in sight. And yet, no man is happy, no matter what his gain. Because it is not in gain and selfishness that happiness can be found.

I do assert, not as a preachment, but as a supreme conviction that happiness and the Perfect Age can only be achieved by the giving of self for love and perfect fellowship between all the beings of the earth. When all the world of men and women is one big family, when every human being feels an interest in another human being as though he were

a near and dear blood relation, then will the Perfect Age be in sight. Most men and women who go wrong today do so because they are friendless. That is the cry of the age, the lack of friendship and fellow feeling.

The great need of the age to redeem it from the low degree into which it has sunk is love, good fellowship, friendship each for the other in every human heart. What is this ridiculous discrimination between the species of human worms, where one worm thinks himself better than the other worm because he has better clothes or lives in a finer home, or has more money and can get all the apparently desirable things that money can buy? But don't these worms realize that they can't take their money into the grave with them, and soon they will be groveling in the earth with all the other worms of the earth of high or low degree, all groveling in the same level. Have they no sense of humor?

The human being of true culture no matter whence he came is the only true aristocrat of the earth, but he has such understanding that he is entirely humble and unpretentious. It is only the ignoramus who is cock-sure and self-assertive.

Is the Perfect Age near or is it thousands of years in the dim distance? Certainly it can never be realized while human nature is as it is. The scheme of a Perfect Age in brotherly love and

justice is being tried out in Russia as a whole and in various parts of the world with a very limited success because human nature is selfish and likes to talk about the ideal of equal rights in brotherly love but is unequal to the task of acting it out. And that the highest ideal of socialism which can only be understood by the highly cultured of soul and intellect should be forced into the thick skulls of Russian peasants on the merest edge of civilization is the farce of the age.

MY IDEAL OF A PERFECT AGE

My ideal of a Perfect Age is when every man and woman is happily married, living in a comfortable home, and keeping eternally young in their happy, healthy children, with good neighbors about them who are ready to stand by in any emergency, and with no emergency to fear because every man is equally interested in the success of his neighbor as he is in his own; where every man's works and achievements are recognized and rewarded in kind, and all his loved ones of his family and neighborhood rejoice with him in his victories; or sympathize with him in his defeat and unite in a body to help him up and encourage him to try again. No one can experience defeat when they are surrounded by love.

In the Perfect Age we will give flowers to the

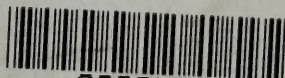
living instead of wreaths to the dead. We shall never let a day go by without lending somebody a helping hand, or giving them a word of praise or a smile of encouragement. Life is so difficult and has such mysterious ways and meanings that we cannot fathom. The poor man saves all his days and just as he is about to enjoy the fruits of his toil and his thrift he is called away where as far as we know those things don't count, and some unworthy kin or perhaps stranger fights for possession of these savings and squanders them. Most men who prepare for tomorrow never realize that tomorrow, and those who don't prepare are overtaken by it. All life seems a contradiction and in our dark extremity we don't know where to look for truth or beauty. But of one thing we are certain,—the only way to get happiness is to give it. It is the only kind of human investment that pays a satisfying dividend.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF

Two thousand years ago the son of a humble carpenter told us to "Love thy neighbor as thyself." He was a shepherd in isolated places and a dreamer, and this inspiration came to him as a relief for the woes of the world. It is the same panacea for all ills today as it was then, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Love begets love and is the only thing in the world worth begetting and accumulating. We come into the world with nothing but love. When we leave the world love is the only thing we can take with us into the grave and the great beyond. Only with love and its blossoms, friendship and good-fellowship, can we achieve true happiness and the Perfect Age, and these are realized in the ideal marriage between man and woman.

Relationships
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